

FEBRUARY 2, 1961 35¢

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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PERIODICAL  
READING ROOM JAN 14 1961

PERIODICAL  
READING ROOM

**J**azz and narcotics are unfairly linked in the public mind. Addiction is rare among jazzmen and, reportedly, actually runs lower than in the medical profession. Yet there is a small minority of musicians who suffer from this terrible illness, and the problem cannot be solved by pretending it doesn't exist.

**A**lcoholics Anonymous has helped countless victims of a similar sickness. In this issue, you will read the inspiring story of pianist Arnold Ross and a remarkable new organization that is providing dramatic proof that addicts too can be cured—or, more precisely, can cure themselves. **I**t is a story meant not just for jazz fans, but for everyone interested in the moral, mental, and physical health of man. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

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# THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

On several occasions, we have attempted in this column (and in *Down Beat*) to present and clarify some of the problems and relationships existing between a performer and his audience. It is our continuing purpose to better the communication between these two essential elements of any performing art.

The factors that prevent better understanding between the performer and his audience are not always artistic. All too often there are artificial barriers and moral judgments that surround any performance and are prejudicial to it.

These false barriers and judgments smothering appreciation of a performer may range from a bad public address system, which can distort artistic effort and blot out artistic nuances, to a false assumption that an inspired performance stems from the use of some sort of crutch—be it alcohol, narcotics, or what have you. Too often this shroud is flung across the face of music.

Great music is the product of a combination of hard work and study

plus inspiration and imagination. And jazz at its best is great music. The days when the village prudes looked down on this, the music of our times, of our nation, as some sort of work of the devil are gone. But the prude's place has been taken by the cynic. "Oh, come on, you *know* all those guys playing that stuff are on the needle," is the usual snide comment. Phooey! The vast majority of jazzmen wouldn't touch narcotics with a 10-foot drumstick.

That's the majority. Unfortunately, there's a minority—the sick, pathetic figures building their lives around a needle. They need help, not abuse. They need treatment, not imprisonment. And they need understanding—the understanding that stems from society's awareness and knowledge of a disease. For narcotics addiction is not a problem to be licked by jazz alone; it is a problem to be licked by society—you and me and the guy next to us.

I well remember, and perhaps you do too, how the treatment of tuberculosis, venereal disease, and cancer were hindered by social silence. Fortunately, some of these diseases have been licked or curbed by new treatments and drugs. But before the cure there was public interest and in-

formation; in short, the desire to do something.

It is the responsibility of everyone as a social being to understand the fallacies surrounding narcotics addiction. You must understand this weakness as a form of physical suffering that not only needs compassion, but money for research and rehabilitation. Understand, and make others understand, that there is a growing list of former addicts who have painfully but successfully licked the illness and have become productive members of society.

Understand that musical talent does not have some mystic or evil property that needs to be assuaged or encouraged by narcotics. Understand that a need for drugs or other artificial stimulants or depressives is a medical problem of the sick human, regardless of occupation.

Understand, too, that possession of talent sets its owner in public view where human frailty is magnified and pitted enormously out of proportion.

Understand that we all feel more purged of our guilts when the onus of social crime is focused on a performer. Our sense of virtue increases in direct proportion to the amount of penalties heaped on the sick narcotic. Do you understand?

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# down beat

VOL. 28, NO. 3

FEB. 2, 1961

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**IN THIS ISSUE**—The problem of narcotics addiction has been a pressing one for jazz. *Down Beat* feels that the time has come to stop head shaking and start doing something about this vexing disease. In this issue, editor Gene Lees poses questions and makes a proposal to help eradicate this illness (page 13). West coast editor John Tynan reports on the Synanon foundation; one of the few institutions working to free the addict from his habit, not punish him for his illness (page 15).

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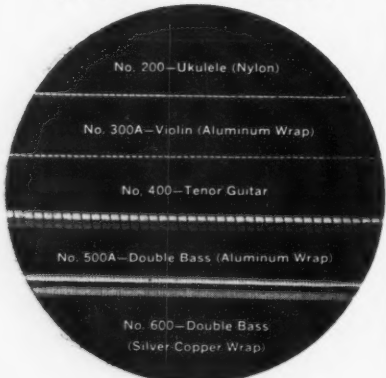
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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## Opposite Views On Addiction

I have read and enjoyed *Down Beat* since 1938. In these years, I have never come across anything that stirred me up quite as much as your *Afterthoughts* editorial in the Dec. 8 issue.

I have always felt that there were many times when the general public coupled musicians and narcotics much too closely. In reading your editorial, I can understand why they might be led to do so.

Here is a man who, instead of condemning, you are trying to build sympathy for. Because of just such characters as this, jazz will always be thought of when narcotics are mentioned. Instead of condoning their actions, *Down Beat* should just scratch his name from all further mention.

You can tell me he is "sick"; you can tell me what a great artist he is. All I can see is the issue wherein he made the statement, concerning his wife, "She gave me back my life." For this gift, he got her into the same miserable way of life that put him on the skids. This is a guy people are supposed to feel sorry for?

Instead of building sympathy, this story should be played up as a warning for the kids who are just coming along. That would be a worthwhile editorial.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hazen Hunter

After having read the *Afterthoughts* column in the Dec. 8 issue, I can only say: Thank you, thank you, thank you!

It is so gratifying to see in print, in a publication such as yours, the exact words I have for so long felt inside but have been unable to convey to anyone, let alone publicly.

It is difficult to understand how any human being can have such an attitude toward the unfortunate problem of drug addiction as does Harry Anslinger. The column aroused me to the point where I could very vividly see myself in the role of assassin.

Having been personally associated with this complex and sad illness, I can speak from the bottom of my heart when I offer my complete and sincere admiration for your having taken the stand you have. Just "too much" is the best I can do.

Amen to Judge Murtagh's book. Amen to the column. I am one of many who is ready and willing to fight, and keep fighting until, eventually, with God's help, we have accomplished something, somehow, to help not only the unfortunate victims but their heartbroken and suffering families as well. But what can we do?

It has taken years to bring about the present favorable attitude toward mental illness. There are hospitals for tuberculars, and there is a great deal of assistance offered the alcoholic. All right. It's time something is done to help the most unfortunate of all—the one who is definitely plagued with a terrible illness and in need of medical and psychiatric aid, yet who is

treated as a criminal: the drug addict. Let's get busy and do something.  
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Arnel C. Jones

*The contradictory nature of these letters in response to the pathetic story of Art Pepper and the Afterthoughts column arising from it indicates how little understood by the layman the problem of narcotics addiction is.*

*But many persons reflected insight into it, as reader Jones did, and felt the need to act. One of these was Robert Weinstock, president of Prestige Records, whose letter and suggestion on the subject are discussed in the editorial beginning on page 13.*

## In Clinician's Corner

*The Clinician's Corner on chords and improvising was a fine learn-while-you-dig Down Beat package. Music education articles such as this seem to be a natural part of a music magazine. I found the article so valuable that I'm using excerpts from it as a guide in one of my piano students' next lessons . . .*

Lima, Ohio

Dick McCobb

## Words for the Inner Ear

*The latest series of Inner Ear columns is particularly enlightening for a new jazz enthusiast. I feel sure that young jazz lovers across the world will join me in thanks for this helpful series on the fundamental construction methods used in jazz . . .*

Townsville, Australia

P. J. Scrivener

## Poll Protest

*I feel I have a right to be outraged at your "typographical error" concerning the Readers poll. In the Dec. 22 issue of Down Beat, you mentioned that you extracted the vibraharp votes from the miscellaneous instrument category. How did you manage to do that? It happens that I cast my vote for Don Elliott, not for mellophone, but for vibraharp. I've been a fan of Elliott's vibes since his Shearing days, long before I became an all-out jazz fan.*

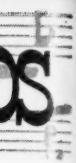
*How do you know others didn't cast their votes as I did? If you look at the vibraharp category of the past few polls, you will see that there are many who feel the way I do about Elliott's playing . . .*

*All but a handful of readers voting for Don Elliott specified on which instrument they preferred him. As the poll showed, the vast majority voted for him on mellophone. Some did vote him as their favorite vibraharpist, but when tabulation of the poll was completed, Elliott did not have the minimum 50 votes needed for listing.*

## Poll Praise and Suggestion

*Congratulations to Down Beat on its latest jazz poll. The tremendous response makes the current choices truly representative.*

(Continued on page 8)



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C. Jones

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## CHORDS

(Continued from page 6)

tive of readers' preferences for the various instrumentalists and groups.

The exclusive use of the poll for selection to the Hall of Fame, however, is not as representative of the greats in jazz, in my opinion. Fortunately, thus far, the people selected are great—no question of it.

Two things appear obvious from reviewing the runners-up. One is that current top popularity is heavily stressed. Secondly, it appears that death is required to focus attention of the achievements of some, such as Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Billie Holiday. Witness also the ascent of Oscar Pettiford in the year of his death. This type

of honor and reward is somewhat ironic.

Under the present system, will such as Fletcher Henderson, King Oliver, W. C. Handy or Jimmie Lunceford ever take places in the hall? What of Sidney Bechet, Fats Waller, Jack Teagarden, Coleman Hawkins?

The case for Hawkins is a good illustration. He is generally credited as being the man who made a real place for the tenor in jazz: No. 1 target in any cutting contest where he is present, continually growing and expanding without imitation of others, winner in the 1936 poll when he had been out of this country for three years, top or near top ever since, expressed some of the first steps in modern jazz and was accused

of wrong notes in his *Body and Soul*, ranked by not a few as a major influence in jazz, along with Duke and Louis.

If this is to be a Hall of Fame, shouldn't it recognize greats of all jazz—traditional, mainstream, and modern? The short-lived but great talents—the major mainstays as well as the vogue makers?

Why not, let's say, a critic's, editor's, and writer's choice each year and a reader's choice? Or a slate of nominations developed by critics, editors, and writers.

Great though Davis and Brubeck are, it seems incongruous to see them place far ahead of Fitzgerald and Hawkins in the current results, and to see names like Bechet or Henderson unlisted.

Minneapolis, Minn.

John Schroedl

## Organ Disturbance

As producer of all of Jackie Davis' albums for Capitol (some seven so released so far), I must take exception to a statement in a recent *Down Beat* article entitled "Jazz Organ-izing." I quote, "Capitol's Jackie Davis is more in the rock-and-roll field than in jazz, as are Bill Doggett and Wild Bill Davis."

I don't believe that the writer of the piece had ever heard a Jackie Davis album, otherwise he would never issue such a statement!

I certainly have nothing against rock and roll, but in the case of Jackie Davis, he is a swinging organist who rarely plays and never records the stuff!

W. H. Miller  
Capitol Records

## Laudable Lines

I've just read in the Jan. 5 issue the fine treatise by Gene Lees on Bill Russo's *School of Rebellion* album. Not only is this review beautifully written, but what a great message it imparts! I enjoyed it as I do all his it-makes-sense-to-me editorials.

Allan Rush

## Candid Blues

I have just finished reading the excellent five-star review of *A Treasury of Field Recordings, Vol. 1*, recorded by Mack McCormick, in the Dec. 8 issue of *Down Beat*.

This is to advise you that Mr. McCormick has found an American label, Candid, which wants to release his unique material. The entire album, as reviewed in *Down Beat*, will be released on the Candid label early next year.

New York City

Bob Altschuler

## Bad Connection

Thank you for printing John Tynan's *What Price Theater?* I am sick and tired of having jazz connected with the sick-sick-sick. Productions such as *The Connection* only help to reaffirm in the minds of the theatergoers the impression that all jazz musicians are dope addicts or vice versa.

It was a pleasure to see and hear *A Thurber Carnival* with the marvelous jazz score composed and performed by Don Elliott. It was a happy and healthy show with good, healthy, and happy jazz.

The only good thing I can think of as far as *The Connection* is concerned is: Thank goodness it stayed off Broadway.

New York City. Leo Berman



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## Here's Ed Thigpen...

Edmund Thigpen, born in Los Angeles, started playing drums at the age of eight. Last summer, he tied for 1st place among the world's New Drummers in Downbeat's poll of international jazz critics.

In between these momentous points in his career, Ed's had wide and varied experience. It included teaching himself to play, with some help from Chico Hamilton, Jo Jones, and his father, Ben Thigpen. It spread out through engagements with the Jackson Brothers, George Hudson, Cootie Williams, Dinah Washington, Johnny Hodges, Bud Powell, Jutta Hipp and the Billy Taylor Trio.

Ed's drumming experience has culminated in his present spot as a key member of Oscar Peterson's trio. There, he's setting new standards with a technique that calls into play not only sticks and brushes, but hands, fingers and elbows.

One factor has been constant throughout Ed's career: Ludwig Drums.

"I've seen Ludwigs made," Ed says, "and I think that would have decided me even if I'd never heard or played them."

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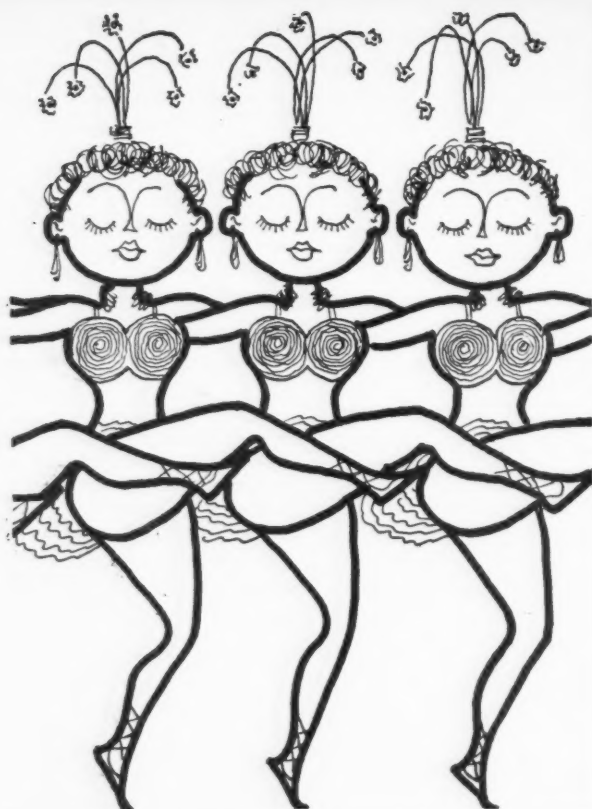


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## NEW YORK

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BROWN

The Broadway drama, *A Taste of Honey*, has a score written by **Bobby Scott**. The music is performed on the stage by **Arnold Holop**, piano; **Frank Socolow**, tenor saxophone and clarinet; **Vinnie Burke**, bass . . . *A Thurber Carnival*, featuring a **Don Elliott** score, closed after nine months. In spite of its lengthy run and favorable reviews from the critics, *Carnival* reportedly lost money for the backers.

**Hall Overton**, a contributor to classical composition as well as to the jazz field, had his *Sonata for Cello and Piano*, 1960 performed at the New School by cellist **Charles McCracken** and pianist **Lucy Greene** . . . A new ballet, *Points on Jazz*, with music by **Dave Brubeck** and choreography by **Dana Krupska**, was premiered by the American Ballet theater in Hartford, Conn., on Jan. 16 . . . **Alec Wilder** wrote the score for the new feature film *The Sand Castle* . . . **John Cassavetes**, whose prize-winning (Venice festival) film, *Shadows*, featured an underscore by bassist **Charlie Mingus**, has signed to produce and direct *Too Late Blues*, an original scenario by **Richard Carr** . . . Television announcer **Don Morrow's** film, *Have Jazz, Will Travel*, is playing art theaters around the country . . . **Herman Leonard**, known for his photos of jazzmen, is a still photographer on the set of *Paris Blues*, being filmed in France. He plans to assemble a book of Parisian scenes featuring **Diahann Carroll**. While in Paris to play a part in the film, Miss Carroll recorded an album of all-French tunes backed by the **Eddie Barclay Orchestra**. It's to be released on the Atlantic label.



MISS FITZGERALD

**Ella Fitzgerald's** European concerts are being taped by **Norman Granz**. On her tour of Israel beginning March 29, Miss Fitzgerald will sing Hebrew translations of her songs. . . . **Al Hirt**, the bearded trumpet man from New Orleans, recorded two albums for RCA Victor while playing New York's Basin Street East. He also played the role of Santa Claus at the Newspaper Reporters association's annual Christmas party.

(Continued on page 48)

# down beat

Down Beat

February 2, 1961

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## GRANZ SELLS BUT HOLDS

Norman Granz' once flourishing jazz empire in the United States has diminished year by year. His Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts have not made their annual treks to auditoriums across the country in three years, and impresario Granz has, of choice, moved his base of operations to Europe.

Granz' jazz activities started in the summer of 1943, when he received his medical discharge from the army and began to stage Monday night jam sessions in Herb Rose's 331 club in Los Angeles, recruiting players from the Count Basie Band. Stars like trumpeter Harry Edison, drummer Jo Jones, tenor man Buddy Tate, and Nat (King) Cole—then an unknown singer but an excellent jazz pianist—became regulars.

Granz initiated a series of informal jazz concerts at the Los Angeles Philharmonic auditorium on July 2, 1944, which he recorded and released in an album of 78-rpm discs. These were the first "live" recordings of a jazz concert.

The first release, *Jazz at the Philharmonic, Vol. 1*, featured pianist Cole, guitarist Les Paul, tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet, trumpeter Joe Guy, and the Chicago Flash (Gene Krupa) on drums. The album did much to popularize *How High the Moon* among jazz fans.

From this first JATP set came a series of 20 more JATP albums, and nationwide publicity for the activities of Granz. It introduced a decade of annual JATP tours around the country.

Moe Asch issued the first JATP volume on his Asch label, but later broke with the California entrepreneur. As a result, Granz sold all his rights to Vol. 1 to Asch. In exchange, he kept sole ownership of six subsequent volumes that had been issued on Asch's Disc label. These he transferred to his own Clef label. In 1948 he contracted with Mercury Records to issue the Clef series.

In 1951, he recalled the rights to all his recordings, except JATP No. 1, and reactivated the Clef line. This was later supplemented with the Norgran label, which consisted of studio recordings by the artists he held under contract.

Five years ago, Granz founded Verve Records for the release of popular recordings, and later dropped Clef and

Norgran in order to put all his catalog under the Verve name.

For the past three years, Granz has booked his JATP groups throughout Europe, establishing headquarters for his enterprises in Switzerland. His Verve operation, based in Los Angeles, has made it necessary for him to shuttle back and forth across the Atlantic. It has been no secret that he has been shopping around for a deal whereby he could eliminate the traveling.

Last month, an announcement was made by Joseph R. Vogel, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc., that the M-G-M Records division had acquired Verve. The purchase price was not revealed, but it was understood to be about \$2,500,000.

All recording contracts and commitments of the Verve company will be



GRANZ

picked up, including those with the Columbia Record club, by the new owners. The Verve identity will be retained as to label, appearance, art direction, quality approach, and price structure.

Arnold Maxin, for the past three years in charge of the M-G-M Record division, will head the operation. Granz will continue active in the new setup and will head the European activities, as well as continuing to record much of the current Verve talent.

Jazz artists who have recorded on Verve include Red Allen, Ray Brown, Blossom Dearie, Roy Eldridge, Herb Ellis, Ella Fitzgerald, Stan Getz, Terry Gibbs, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Giuffre, Johnny Hodges, Gene Krupa, George Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, Anita O'Day, Kid Ory, Oscar Peterson, Paul Smith, Sonny Stitt, and Mel Tormé.

## COMPLAINTS ABOUT THE BAND CONTEST

There were complaints about the American Federation of Musicians new dance band contest of 1960 from the start: musicians objected to the limit of 15 men laid down by the rules.

As the contest progressed, the complaints multiplied.

Last fall, 166 bands from 56 cities entered the contest. But some of them, according to the angry complaints of their competitors, were not new bands at all. Rene Bloch's Latin orchestra, winner of the Los Angeles preliminary contest and then a loser in the San Francisco regional, had a Capitol LP on the market.

In the New York area, several losing bandleaders banded together to charge that two of the three winning crews at the Springfield, Mass., regional contest had used substitute musicians during the contest audition. The chief target of their ire was the Bernie Mann Orchestra, which took first place in a field of 18 bands in the regional. Losing leaders claimed Mann should have been disqualified on two counts: (1) several of his records were in national distribution, and (2) he used as temporary sidemen three top-flight instrumentalists, including trumpeter Taft Jordan.

But Mann's was not the only band to use ringers. Spotted in the various groups during the marathon contest in New York's Roseland ballroom were alto saxophonists John LaPorta and Joe Lopes, trumpeter Dick Sherman and baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron.

A spokesman for New York's Local 802 said the leaders' squawk was unjustified and academic; the rules clearly indicated that no substitutions were to be permitted for any band winning the national contest.

Most of the competing bands use only seven or eight men regularly, but increased the number of sidemen to the 15 men permitted. Whether one of these augmented crews could tour would have been tested at the contest's end, the 802 spokesman contended.

The three New York winners—Mann, the Johnny Butler Orchestra from New York's Tuxedo ballroom, and trumpeter Leo Ball's—themselves turned complainants after the regional contest. They said the Springfield regional contest setup favored the Ronnie Drumm Band of West Spring-



field. The contest looked like a Ronnie Drumm concert, they said: all the bands had to use stands with "Ronnie Drumm" prominent upon them.

Taft Jordan wryly observed, "I think the judges got confused on which band was which." Drumm, whose band came second to Claude Gordon's in 1959, won the regional but lost out in Detroit.

None of these complaints could be leveled at 35-year-old tenor saxophonist Jimmy Cook of Las Vegas, Nev. Cook, who has played with Harry James and Ray McKinley and has recorded with Woody Herman, started his band from scratch expressly to enter the contest.

He was working with a show band at the Thunderbird hotel in Las Vegas when he decided to organize a dance band for the contest. He recruited musicians from various night club bands in the city. The band rehearsed six months while members retained their regular jobs.

Cook's 15-piece group won the San Francisco regional and went to Detroit to take first place as the Best New Dance Band of 1960. Second place went to Steve Laughery's versatile group of nine instrumentalists, billed as the "many sounds of nine," from Moses Lake, Wash. Detroit's Jimmy Wilkins, a 39-year old trombonist, took third place with his 15-piece dance band.

The other bands competing in the finals included the Johnny Nicolosi Band from Williamsport, Pa., and the Al Cobine Band of Bloomington, Ind.

The finals of the 1959 contest were judged by name dance-band leaders. This year, the union selected judges representing different facets of the music and dance industries.

They were Maj. Mark Azzolina, conductor of the North American air defense command's 75-piece military band; Mike Isabella, leader of Kenin's Cat's from Newcastle, Pa.; the Rev. Hillary H. Cottbrath, director of music at Bellarmine college in Louisville, Ky.; Harry Law, a London, Ontario, ballroom operator; Doris Eaton, director of the Detroit division of the Arthur Murray studios; Milton E. Magel, president of the National Ballroom Operator's association; Mark Beltaire, columnist for the Detroit *Free Press*, and Bill Powell from the radio department of the Pittsburgh *Courier*.

Winner Cook is now enjoying his prizes. The band received \$30,000 worth of music instruments, a two-week date at the Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas, a guest appearance on NBC-TV's *Saturday Prom*, and a contract to record an album for RCA Victor. It also will make a nation-wide tour of ballrooms.

Cook and his men were under-

standably pleased. But other musicians who had been through the contest weren't—and not only because they had not won.

#### WEST GERMAN JAZZ MEN A HIT AT BIRDLAND

When Pee Wee Marquette walked down the bar chanting "The party's over!" eight jazz musicians from Dusseldorf, Germany, had realized a lifetime ambition. They not only had met but had played for probably the most dazzling array of name jazz stars ever gathered in Birdland on one afternoon.

Eddie Edwards, the trombonist with the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, sat quietly at a table and whispered, "You know, I've never been here before. Where do the customers dance?"

Drummer Jack Roth, for 35 years a part of Jimmy Durante's act, answered, "People quit dancing after they heard Tony Sbarbaro (Spargo) play his kazoo."

Spargo, a drummer and a retired ODJB charter member, spoke up, "Come on, it was the kazoo that gave the world the jitterbug."

Charlie Mingus was talking to Eddie Condon. Gathered nearby were John Lewis, Buddy Rich, Miff Mole, Sonny Greer, Wilbur DeParis, Marshall Royal, J. C. Higginbotham, Teddy Wilson, Quincy Jones, Ornette Coleman, and a host of others. The manager of Birdland, Oscar Goodstein, said, "It would cost me well over \$150,000 to book this talent for one week."

The focus of attention was a group of eight young German amateur musicians who were starting on a two-week tour of the United States under the auspices of a soft-drink bottler in Germany.

The U.S. trip was first prize for winning the sixth annual German Amateur Jazz festival. Last fall, 250 bands competed in local and regional preliminaries to qualify for participation in the finals at Dusseldorf. The competition was divided into traditional and modern jazz.

Thirty bands went to Dusseldorf to play in the finals. The band to beat was Dusseldorf's own Feetwarmers in the Dixieland category.

The Feetwarmers had won in 1958 and 1959. They won again in 1960. The personnel is Jurgen Buchholtz, trumpet; Manfred Lahnstein, trombone; Klaus Doldinger, clarinet; Claudio Szenkar, piano; Alfons Zschockelt, guitar; Heino Ribbert, bass, and Kurt Bong, drums.

Two members of the Feetwarmers joined bassist Gunther Lennartz to form Klaus (Oscar) Doldinger's group, which won the modern competition. Doldinger switched from clarinet to tenor saxophone for his performances with the modern group, called Oscar's Trio,

while drummer Bong switched from traditional to modern drumming.

The West German musicians said jazz in their country has replaced the family musicale as the "Hausmusik of our time."

#### INCUMBENTS STAY PUT IN LOCAL 47

As in November's presidential election, the matter of a popular mandate was hardly worth bringing up. The decision was decisive nonetheless, and the incumbent administration of Hollywood's AFM Local 47 was returned to office by a minority vote in elections held Dec. 19.

In all but one race for the four top positions in the administration, the contest was uncomfortably close. Local president John Tranchitella was returned to office by a margin of only 29 votes. His opponent, Leroy Collins, racked up a total vote of 2,074 to Tranchitella's 2,103. It was the closest vote in the history of the local.

Vice president Max Herman won with a total of 2,129 over challenger Lou Maury's 2,033. Maury had been recording secretary in the outgoing administration.

In the contests for the posts of recording and financial secretaries, Tranchitella candidates Don Morris and Bob Manners rode to victory with the slate. Morris scored a 350-vote lead over the opposition's Marl Young with a total of 2,247 to Young's 1,897; Manners trounced Armando Rendon, 2,249 to 1,873.

Of the three trustees elected, two—Dale Brown and Bob Elliott—were incumbents. Eddie Cano, Afro-Cuban style jazz pianist, took the third spot.

The new five-member board of directors of the local includes a "loyal opposition" in Joyce Collins and Al Gayle who ran on the Leroy Collins ticket. Miss Collins, a modern jazz pianist of growing reputation (*Down Beat*, Nov. 24), becomes the first woman ever elected to the local's directorate. Seated on the board for the Tranchitella slate were Jay Cooper, Rene Hall, and Armando Herrera.

Sole representative of the opposition ticket elected to the local's trial board was bassist Bill Nadel; the remainder consists of incumbents Harvey Brooks, Charles Gonzales, Don Linder, Hugh McNutt, and Don Wight.

If the final vote indicated, as many opined, a vote of confidence in the Tranchitella-Herman leadership and its fight against the Musicians Guild of America and for new studio contracts, the tally conveyed also that the new officers might have to tread lightly in face of what appears to be a still-divided membership in the movie local.



# An Editorial

By GENE LEES

This issue constitutes a departure for *Down Beat*.

There was a time when no one talked about narcotics, and the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs, in a report made May 2, 1951, recommended against propaganda and education about narcotics in the western nations as "definitely dangerous."

But this country has become more frank and open on many subjects in the last few years, narcotics being but one of them. On top of that, various media of communications, including the motion picture industry, have found the subject of drug addiction sufficiently lurid to be good box office. Unfortunately, some sort of connection between jazz and narcotics is implied in all too many cases.

Recently, one of the girlie magazines carried an article about Miles Davis, written under a pseudonym by a New York jazz writer who makes elaborate pretense of a sense of responsibility toward jazz. In the article, he dwelt in distasteful descriptive detail on the addiction of Charlie Parker.

Later, the same magazine carried a somewhat meaningless panel discussion on narcotics by several noted jazzmen. It helped and enlightened no one. But the jazz-narcotics connection was made in issue-selling headlines on the cover, and once again, a tie-up had been suggested to the millions who glance casually at magazines on newsstands.

Last year, we saw a television whodunit end with the killer identified as a dope-peddling jazz musician. And only a few months ago, a sequence in the comic strip *Kerry Drake* dwelt on jazz and narcotics, ending with the musician-villain asking for his instrument in his cell. (Just when I was in a towering anger over this slander, Chet Baker was arrested for narcotics in Italy—and asked for his instrument in his cell!)

All this—a structure of fiction erected on a fragile foundation of fact—leads the layman to think there is some sort of natural link between jazz and narcotics. Yet, numerically, musicians are low on the list of addiction-prone professions. The Daniels Senate Narcotics commission several years ago issued a report that so indicated. Attorney Maxwell Cohen recalls that doctors, nurses, and pharmacists were high on the list, followed by professional criminals and housewives. Musicians came in somewhere about 12th.

Yet all that is neither here nor there. The fact is that there are too many addicted musicians, and because the rest of the society is shirking its duty does not mean that we in the music business should shirk ours. Instead of defensively pretending that there is no such thing as a heroin-addicted jazz musician, it is time we turned to the task of giving the public a more accurate picture of addiction and its problems and of helping the present addicts cure themselves of this terrible sickness. Perhaps if we set an example, by taking care of our own, those in other areas of the society will follow suit, and turn to the general eradication of this sickness.

For a sickness is what addiction is, despite the impression held by the general public and exemplified in one of the letters you'll find in *Chords and Discords* this issue.

A fantastic amount of misleading propaganda about addiction has been circulated, so that the average person thinks of the addict as a wild-eyed, ravening, sex-mad beast dan-

gerous to anyone in the vicinity. Professional criminals excepted, the average addict is dangerous chiefly to himself, and then to those who love him. He is dangerous to the latter only in that he is irresponsible, he will probably pawn anything that isn't nailed down, including a fellow musician's horn, and he can rarely hold a job. Therefore, if he is a married man, he offers little hope of security or peace of mind to his family.

So far as being sex-mad is concerned—what utter nonsense! One of the peculiarities of heroin is that it destroys its victim's interest in sex.

Addicts (and I know a number of them) are, with a few exceptions, harmless people—again excepting the professional criminals, whose viciousness stems from another source. The addicted musician is usually a sensitive person, often with a nature of such touching gentleness that many people love him and worry about him. I know of only one musician addict who is vicious, and he is reportedly a police informer who gets his heroin from the police. The great majority of the remainder are pathetic people to those who know them.

Such people need help, and need it badly. Little help can be expected from governmental bodies, whose attitudes on the subject have usually been backward when not downright sadistic. Recently a dancer was sentenced to 15 years in prison in Texas for possession of marijuana! Art Pepper may get 40 years for possession of heroin, as a three-time loser. The people picked up for selling him the stuff—were acquitted. Laws that permit inequities clearly need revision.

But until they are revised, those in our society who have heart enough to care about the problem are going to have to turn to the task of cure themselves. And the first step is to make addicts realize that they *can* be cured. That is one reason we feel that the story of the Synanon foundation is important.

For all the false beliefs about heroin addiction (and let it be noted that throughout this discussion, we are talking of no drugs but heroin and related opium derivatives), the most treacherous is the idea that it is incurable. Addicts themselves believe this, despite the examples set by Miles Davis, Red Rodney, broadcaster Bill Stern, and others who have managed to break its hold.

And why not? What more convenient rationalization could the addict find for not trying to break his habit than the conviction that it can't be broken anyway? How many alcoholics would have found the way back to healthy, productive life if they had been brainwashed by their society to believe they were incurable?

Not that the cure for addiction is easy.

The physical cure takes only about a week. It is a week of hell, involving great pain, vomiting, mucous discharge, sweating, uncontrolled twitching of the limbs, and diarrhea so severe that it often culminates in colitis. But the real work has not yet begun. After that comes the agonizing reappraisal of self, the attempt to probe one's own soul to find out why he wanted so badly to escape reality in the first place.

It is in this stage that the addict most needs help. Otherwise, going through the painful physical "cure" is pointless. Throw a man in prison for 10 days, and you've cured him *physically*. But unless you help him achieve a psychological break-through as well, you've accomplished nothing. Witness

an example I saw only recently: released after three years in prison, one man was back on heroin in less than 24 hours.

One of the most effective programs we have encountered to date is that of the Synanon foundation. In the light of the dismal failures seen elsewhere, Synanon's success is thus far nothing short of remarkable. That is the main reason we decided to publish the Synanon story—not just for musicians who need help, but for anyone, anywhere, who may be suffering from this fearsome sickness and may chance to read it.

Also, through publicizing their efforts, we hope to pave the way for Synanon to expand its program into other cities.

The Synanon story came to us as the direct result of our story on the arrest of Art Pepper. Arnold Ross read it, telephoned west coast editor John Tynan, and invited him to see Synanon's program in action.

Another man who read it was Prestige Records president Bob Weinstock. Weinstock wrote to *Down Beat* as follows:

"Words cannot express how fed up I am with this situation, and I would like to know what the people in the music business are going to do about it.

"How long are we going to continue to let the law exploit musicians? Musicians should be accorded the same treatment as people in any other professions . . . This is definitely not the case. First the cabaret card business in New York and now, as in the past, the unfair treatment of drug-addicted musicians . . . In some cases, gifted, talented musicians have been thrown in with criminals of all types, when what they need is deep psychiatric care and treatment. When they are released from prison, the original problem (mental) has been made worse.

"Is this justice? Is this the purpose of our laws? If so, they are in grave need of revision, and it is about time we started things rolling towards that end.

"I think we should all get together—people like Bill Grauer (of Riverside Records), Alfred Lion (Blue Note), Norman Granz, the west coast companies, myself, etc.—and start a fund or something to help Art Pepper and other unfortunate musicians who find themselves in this position. The crime is not addiction, but the way these poor, misunderstood, sick people get labeled and treated. We *must* do something!"

The initial response to Weinstock's challenge to the music business can only be called heart-warming. Sent a copy of Weinstock's letter, World Pacific's Dick Bock immediately replied:

"It's about time a hospital for musicians was established both in New York and Los Angeles. It is ridiculous that the union, with all its trust funds, musicians' taxes, etc., does nothing toward rehabilitating the sick musician. Just how a private hospital could be effective under the existing laws needs careful study. At this time, a musician who admits to being hooked is certainly liable to be arrested and jailed. With that prospect staring him in the face, my guess is that he will not risk being arrested. Witness Billie Holiday's last days in the hospital.

"As long as there is such a terrific profit to be made selling drugs, organized crime will not allow any law to be passed that affects their profits. Actually, the law seems to be playing right into the hands of organized crime by making the penalties ever more severe, influencing the judges to be

more cautious in evoking the penalties, and opening up the law-enforcement agencies with ever more possibilities for bribes.

"If there is some way to legally help the sick musicians establish the right kind of psychological and medical center, I and my company are willing to contribute time and money to that end."

And Riverside's Orin Keepnews wrote:

"I am extremely pleased to see Bob Weinstock up in arms about the narcotic situation, and would very much like to stop being one of those people who talk about such things as 'the addict is not a criminal' and 'the New York cabaret card scene is a horror' and maybe do something about it.

"Concretely, I would suggest that *Down Beat*, as a leading industry publication, take the initiative in formally creating an action committee with regard to such matters. I would like to see you specifically invite record company executives, other . . . publication people, union officials, musicians of major stature, perhaps significant people in other areas of the arts, and certainly and essentially important people of humanitarian bent in other and completely nonmusical walks of life—by which I mean politicians and clergymen and such.

"There are several other categories that I am sure will occur to you, and I would very much like to see you extend written invitations to such people to join in the first discussions and then concrete lobbying in this whole area . . ."

Fortunately, there are signs that under president Herman Kenin, even the American Federation of Musicians is stirring out of the indifference that characterized it in the past. A report on narcotics addiction is known to be in preparation for Kenin. And Morton P. Jacobs, chairman of the social service committee for, and one of the directors on the executive board of, Los Angeles' Local 47, showed how deep and active is his concern in a letter published in *Down Beat* Dec. 8, 1960.

In the meantime, Messrs. Keepnews and Weinstock, pending reaction from others in the industry, might consider whether they should and can help the Synanon foundation start a New York branch. Bill Stern was interested in such a plan until he was hospitalized by a heart attack recently. Perhaps they can pick up where he was forced to leave off.

*Down Beat* welcomes Orin Keepnews' suggestions, which impress us as being eminently sound. If there are enough others in the industry who feel as he does, we will accept the responsibility of forming the nucleus of the movement he suggests.

Meanwhile, there is one thing we can do.

It will be recalled that some months ago, we asked readers to send funds for a headstone for the grave of Billie Holiday, left unmarked by her husband. Because Miss Holiday's estate has blocked efforts to put a headstone on the grave, the money sent has awaited proper disposition. A scholarship fund was considered.

But now we ask that those readers who contributed this money grant us permission to turn it over to the Synanon foundation, to help fight the disease that killed Miss Holiday. And we urge others to add to it.

Synanon head C. E. Dederich said recently, "Perhaps we can work out a fitting memorial to Miss Holiday—not in stone, but in living, drug-free musicians."



# Hope for the Addicted

*The story of the Synanon foundation*

By JOHN TYNAN

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

Three arrests on narcotics charges . . . Four spells in the same sanitarium for heroin addiction . . . One hitch in the Camarillo state institution . . . Uncounted attempts to "kick the habit" alone . . . One attempted suicide . . .

This is the basic biography of the adult life of Arnold Ross, jazz pianist. Up to six months ago it represented the sum of one individual's attempt to flee the objective realities of living.

Today, 39-year-old Ross is a truck driver who plays jazz piano in his spare time. He's been "clean" since July, is tanned and in fine physical shape and gainfully employed in the most meaningful way. Arnold Ross has finally found understanding and help and, most important, is learning to *help himself* find the only possible way out of the nightmare in which he existed for a decade.

His helpers are some 50 other addicts.

Ross is part of a revolutionary and unprecedented salvage operation, a controlled effort to rescue human lives from the junk pile—a project so dynamic that Dr. Donald R. Cressey, chairman of the department of anthropology and sociology at the University of California at Los Angeles, regarded as a leading authority in criminology, recently told a law enforcement convention, "This is the most significant attempt to keep addicts off drugs that has ever been made." The operation is summed up in one word—Synanon.

There is nothing cultist or mystic about the Synanon foundation. It is run *by* addicts *for* addicts, and if there is one term that best describes its approach to rehabilitation, it is hard-headed realism. Above all, it is a going concern, and it is working.

Like all addicts who come to Synanon for help, Arnold Ross was desperate. His first visit to the massive red-brick building on the beach at Santa Monica—at 1351 Ocean Front Blvd.—was in May, 1959. He described the events leading to his arrival.

"I'd tried to kill myself," he said matter of factly, "and landed in County General hospital. They found needle marks on me, and I was booked for 'misdemeanor—marks.' When my case came up, my lawyer told me the only way I could avoid the county jail was to commit myself to Camarillo for treatment. So I did. Then, when I got out, I went with (a) club group. I was back on dope fast. I quit the group and tried to kick again by myself, but I couldn't make it. So I came to Synanon."

Heeding a variety of rationalizations, he didn't remain this first time. But last July 7, Ross returned and stayed.

Pianist Ross enjoyed a rising reputation in the late 1930s and '40s with a variety of bands, including the late Glenn Miller's army orchestra and Harry James (1944-47). In 1950, Ross says, while on a tour of Europe as accompanist to a name singer, he started his first serious heroin habit.

"When we got back," he continued, "I kicked. But soon

I'd started another." After that, there was no turning back. The quicksand deepened, and the narcotic strengthened its grip on his mind and nervous system. Despite repeated attempts to stay clean, despite extensive psychotherapy and trip after trip to the sanitarium, he remained addicted. Ross knew he had to have help, yet he was convinced there was no escape. He was a junkie, he was hooked.

"Addicts know they can't be cured. 'Once a hype, always a hype' is a deep-seated conviction in every addict's guts."

The speaker was C. E. (Chuck) Dederich, founder and chairman of Synanon foundation. An educated and eloquent man, Dederich, at 47, bears the physical scars of his own long sickness—alcoholism. He hasn't had a drink in five years and now runs the foundation with an understanding, strength, and a determination that is contagious.

A professional statistician, Dederich for many years held top positions in advertising, merchandising, and public relations. "For the last 10 years, before I quit drinking," he said drily, "I was a promoter—in the negative sense of the word."

Walker Winslow, author of *The Menninger Story* and *If a Man Be Mad* and an authority on mental health problems, has had ample opportunity to study Dederich and his techniques. For several months now, Winslow has been living at the foundation, gathering material for a book on the Synanon project.

"Dederich," Winslow said, "is an intuitive psychologist. He's one of the best I've encountered, and I think any good psychiatrist would agree with that. He has taken the rationalizing mechanisms of the addict and the alcoholic and has neutralized them. Then, too, he has a remarkably positive personality. By expressing himself firmly to these people, by holding them in line firmly, he's expressing a real concern for them. His approach is probably the only way of reaching them and holding them, and his firmness really discourages the phonies who wander in."

"This firmness of his gains respect. For instance, I've been through Alcoholics Anonymous, and I feel that Chuck Dederich is better equipped to deal with narcotics addicts than Bill Wilson, who founded AA, was with alcoholics."

Dederich's ability to inspire others to work all out for his project cannot be overstressed, Winslow said. A good example of this may be seen in Reid Kimball, who handled Synanon's public relations. Addicted for 18 years, Kimball had what Winslow described as "one of the worst addictive problems I've encountered." Kimball now is one of the Synanon leaders, and the work has become his lifetime career. Winslow added that many residents want to become Synanon leaders for life. He said, "If this thing grows, most of these people will feel the need to dedicate themselves to it."

Winslow considers Dederich's refusal to compromise as crucial. "I've seen opportunities here," he said, "where a





ARNOLD ROSS

compromise would have gained a few dollars for the foundation in the case of a member earning money and bringing it in regularly. But if this person were damaging the organization, even slightly, Dederich wouldn't hesitate to throw him out."

Organized in September, 1958, by Dederich and its present secretary, Adaline Ainley, Synanon had its beginning in an unused garage in the seaside slum known as Ocean Park. There were many alcoholics and narcotics addicts in the neighborhood.

"It was right in the middle of 'Dopeville,'" Dederich said. "There were just a few of us then at Synanon, and, of course, addicts on the outside knew about us. Sometimes the hypes would park in the lot and sneak in to use our sink water to fix."

However, as the number of addicts seeking help increased, Dederich knew they would have to find suitable quarters.

"We heard that the national guard was vacating this armory so we made a bid for the lease," he said. "We got it for \$500 a month, less than the previous tenants paid."

Because of the basic policy and principle of insisting that addicts live on the premises, police attention was constant, if unofficial. In the lexicon of the narcotics detective, if two addicts get together, it can only mean they will "shoot up."

Keenly aware of this, the residents of Synanon, on the road to recovery, jealously guard their home.

"You'll find nothing here but aspirin," Ross said. "No chemicals, no pills of any other kind. No liquor, wine, or beer. Nothing but coffee. And cigarettes." He grinned. "We're all hooked on cigarettes."

When Ross first settled at Synanon, he couldn't sleep. He'd got out of the habit. "I thought I could at least get a sleeping pill," he recalled. "But no dice. They just didn't have any. So I had to get to sleep the hard way, the natural way."

Some addicts, in their desperation for escape, will try to take advantage of the aspirin supply and stock up. "We found a few of the girls here were stockpiling aspirin," Ross said. "But when we discovered what they were up to, we cut them off even that."

It has not been unknown at Synanon that an addict will enter the place "loaded," even though this is expressly forbidden.

"When a hype comes in here out of his or her nut," Ross declared firmly, "we put him out."

"I look at it this way: This is my house, and I don't want anybody coming in loaded. It's as simple as that."

Thus, it is little wonder that in more than two years of Synanon's existence, there has never been any trouble with the police. There has never been an arrest out of Synanon.

According to Dederich, the proportion of musician addicts living at Synanon has been and is low. "We've only had two name musicians here," he said. One of these is Ross; the other was a trumpeter who tried living there awhile but left. There now are four jazz musicians resident there. Besides Ross, there is Paul, a bass player; Greg, a trombonist and a drummer.

When this writer spent a day at Synanon recently, Greg had been there only a week. His face and manner betrayed considerable strain. He was reticent, withdrawn; he seemed preoccupied with his inner conflict. On the other hand, Greg appeared to have found common cause with the other musicians. At a "club" party the previous Saturday night, Greg had played trombone with the rhythm section. He said he'd enjoyed it. Greg had not played in some time; he had come to the sanctuary after having served a term in the U.S. public health service institution at Fort Worth, Texas.

At the end of his first week, Greg said he felt that, while many addicts know of Synanon's existence, they have an incorrect and distorted picture of the place and its function. Either they think of it as a form of hospital, a drying-out haven where they can bide time before hitting the street again, or they consider it a more elaborate form of Alcoholics or Narcotics Anonymous. They are ignorant of its essential character—a full-time home for the hooked, with a planned program founded on what Dederich describes as a "psycho-sociological approach to the problem, where dope addiction is attacked at gut-level."

The term gut-level is frequently on Dederich's lips, and it is an appropriate term. It means simply that the newly arrived addict is set straight the moment he sits down for what is called an indoctrination interview.

Interviews are conducted on the most realistic level. They are interrogations with no holds barred. Invariably the addict will run through what his examiners know are the stock lines: "Tired of running . . ." "Life has become meaningless . . ." "Sick of being in and out of jail . . ." The addict's every line, every move will be countered. His interviewers know them all—they've used the same routines themselves, time beyond number.

Just how "gut-level" basic a Synanon interview can be, I discovered when I was invited to sit in anonymously on an impromptu session.

An addict had just walked in and registered at the front desk.

The interview took place in Dederich's "office," a room casually furnished with an assortment of pieces donated by interested members of the community—a living-room sectional couch familiar with better days, a large, low, cluttered coffee table, and assorted side tables. Within easy reach rested volumes on psychology, philosophy, and a variety of subjects. From a nail in the wall hung a banner bearing a quotation from Shakespeare. A battered tape recorder stood against another wall.

Being escorted in was a dark-haired woman clad in a short, stylish jacket and white, synthetic leather Capri pants. She gave her age as 24 and said she had been using heroin for five years.

Dederich sprawled in an armchair facing the addict, planted his bare feet on the coffee table, and asked her to sit down. In the room, besides myself, were three other Synanon residents who comprised the interview board—Reid Kimball; a pretty young woman with a nine-year record of addiction, and a white-haired man who could



have been in his early or middle 40s, who had been a practicing attorney before getting hooked, and who now acts as Synanon's resident lawyer.

The questioning was bluntly direct, uncompromising, and unrelentingly aimed at evaluating the sincerity of the prospect. Toying with a cigaret, the woman being interviewed was a difficult subject—she was obviously loaded to the high-water mark with narcotics of some kind.

"Relax," Dederich told her, "this isn't a police station. Why do you want to stop using dope?"

The young woman could barely articulate. Her speech was slurred; when words came, they came drawling from a murky abyss.

"I want to stop," she enunciated in almost meditative fashion, "because, well, there's just no sense to it. It don't mean anything; it's leading nowhere."

"You're killing yourself," Kimball interposed. "You know that, don't you?"

"Yeah," she drawled, "I know it's got to lead to that."

"When did you last score?" Dederich asked.

"Nov. 5," she told him.

"What are you on right now?"

The young woman said a doctor had given her some tranquilizer and had recommended she contact Synanon.

"Sure," retorted Dederich, "you're so tranquilized right now, you're melting. The only thing holding you together is those leather pants of yours."

She smiled vaguely. "Oh yeah," she said slowly, "but I got all my faculties . . ."

The others burst out laughing. It was calculated laughter, designed to shock.

Kimball leaned forward, sarcasm edging his words: "You run up and down alleys, buying milk sugar and shooting it into your veins so it'll put you to sleep, huh?"

She smiled uncertainly and said, "Well, yeah, I guess so."

"And you *know* it's only milk sugar," shot back Dederich. "Don't you?"

She nodded. "Yeah, I guess that's right."

"Why, a shot of straight morphine would kill you right now," Dederich said. He turned to Kimball. "A half-grain of morphine would do it, wouldn't it?" he asked.

"A quarter-grain would be more than enough to kill her," Kimball said.

"So you're running up alleys shooting milk sugar." Kimball had the ball now. "Just so it'll put you to sleep. And you just did 14 months on Terminal island for that? And *you* got all your faculties?" His sarcasm grated in the air. All present exploded in derisive laughter.

And so the interview progressed. The addict admitted she intended to marry a man not yet divorced. He was waiting for her downstairs, at Synanon's reception desk. When her story had been told, it became apparent that she had come to Synanon to dry out, so she could function well enough to maintain a relationship with the man—not himself an addict—she forlornly hoped to marry.

At the conclusion of the interview, Dederich proposed that the addict speak with some of the female residents of Synanon in the large, bright living room of the hospice, which overlooks spacious beach and limitless ocean. Later in the day a check of the records showed she chose not to stay. Presumably, she felt she could get along without Synanon's help. She left with her intended and went back to the jungle.

Possibly the most graphic illustration of the totality of the Synanon operation and the tragic consequences of refusal to accept it is seen in a relatively recent incident.

A 28-year-old physician, established in his profession with a lucrative practice, showed up at the foundation one day begging help. He said he had become hopelessly addicted to a synthetic opiate drug.

"We told him he was, of course, welcome to Synanon," Dederich related, "and explained how we work. But when he found out he'd have to live here to get well, he apparently decided his business and family came first. He said he had some things that he had to take care of. And he left. Couple of days later the papers carried the story. He'd gone home and blown his head off with a shotgun."

Had the doctor elected to enroll in the Synanon effort, he would have found the door open at all times. He would have been free to depart any time he chose. The open-door policy for those who live and recover there is an integral part of the program.

Arnold Ross described the policy as the key to Synanon. "It's the knowledge that I can go if I please that keeps me here," he said. "But I don't go; I stay. So far as I'm concerned, this is my home from now on."

Stated another way, in the words of Greg, the trombonist, "It's being with your own kind—who're clean" that makes up the mind of an addict. "All you can think about," he added, "is getting your wig straight, of getting well."

"This gives you peace of mind," Ross added, "and it's something you can't buy. I found out that I'm an individual, finally."

Ross said he doesn't "feel like working night clubs yet," though he recently made a record date as a sideman. He admitted he has thought of leaving Synanon "many times" but there is significance in his staying on. At this point in his residence, he is in the second of three Synanon stages: he has passed the stage of living totally in the building—restricted to the premises and permitted walks outside only when accompanied by older residents—and is now on the "hustling squad" truck, which drives through the Los Angeles area soliciting donations of goods (no money is asked) that serve to sustain the residents.

Synanon residents in the third stage have developed and recovered to the point where they have left the house, found jobs "on the outside" and are leading normal lives as responsible citizens with homes and families of their own. They return regularly to the Santa Monica armory for discussion sessions (called "synanons") with resident addicts, and also to serve in a counseling capacity.

Synanon works toward getting its residents to this third stage. But no one is rushed, and it is possible that some will never leave—choosing to stay and make a lifetime career of helping other addicts get well. "Obviously, this is a form of social service work," Dederich said. "And it is quite possible we'll run across people who'll be more comfortable staying around here." For those who do not feel assured enough to leave, there will be a consolation, and a big one: "It's better than shooting dope or being in the pen," Dederich said bluntly.

Of the 176 addicts who have stayed at Synanon long enough to break the physical habit (it takes five days to a week), Dederich estimates that 169 are no longer using drugs.

"But not all are what we call healthy third stage," Dederich said, "because they are not in close touch. We know, though, that they're in good shape." Actively participating in the organization are eight third-stagers who keep in very close contact with Synanon, regularly working with the residents.

The "synanons" through which the residents gain psychological insight into themselves resemble conventional psychotherapy discussion groups. But there is a distinct difference: there is no group leader, no "authority figure." As Reid Kimball put it, "In synanons, all the hostilities emerge. They can get pretty hot. Names are called and frequently the language gets pretty blue." The synanons serve as psychological catalysts, vehicles on which the ad-

dicts may ride to resolutions, for the moment, of their multihued problems.

After the first-stage addict has broken his physical habit, he commences the process of rehabilitation. He attends three synanons a week, and also the general meetings held every Saturday night.

In addition to these, the first-stager participates in seminars at which questions of philosophy, psychology, and a wide variety of subjects are discussed. Supplementing this, the addict is constantly encouraged to read voraciously.

Housework about the building consumes much of the first-stager's daily routine. "Actually," said Dederich, "too much time is taken up in the work around the house. But there's firewood to be gathered and chopped to feed the building's fireplaces — Synanon has no other means of heating. The kitchen, too, occupies much of the resident's time as they sort the daily food, separating good vegetables from rotten, for example, and preparing the meals. Office work and general administration of the organization consume more time."

For the musicians at Synanon, residence there is by no means seclusion. The weekend preceding my visit, Ross, Paul, and another resident went "on the town" together. They visited several Hollywood jazz clubs, just as they might were all three completely healthy. They were not bothered by narcotics pushers, nor were they accosted by police. In their tour of various clubs they ran across several musician addicts.

"One cat we met," said Ross, "looked like he was ashamed to talk with us. We knew he was strung out. He kept hanging his head and wouldn't look at us."

Although contact with drug users is frowned upon by the directors of Synanon, under such circumstances, the contact may be described as semiaccidental. "As to that," said Ross, "we figure that there is safety in numbers."

Ross, understandably, is especially concerned about getting the Synanon message to musician addicts. "There are so many cats strung out," he said shaking his head sadly, "and I know many of them could do well here if they only knew how we work and what our work means."

"We're not crackpots or missionaries; we're hypes who want to get well. In helping the others here, we're helping ourselves, and vice versa. If the musicians who're hooked only knew this, if they knew the truth about Synanon, I feel many of them would come to us."

Generally speaking, addicted musicians, in common with other artists, are what Dederich describes as secondary addicts. He said he feels that addiction basically is divided into primary and secondary groups. The primary addict, he said, presents by far the more serious problem, because the roots of the sickness lie deeper. In the artistic, creative person, addiction usually is the result of frustrated expression or some deep disturbance in the individual's personal life that is inhibiting his creativity. When the disturbance reaches crisis stage, escape into drugs is found to be the only answer.

The primary addict, on the other hand, is wedded to drugs not so much by an escape wish but by a chronic compulsion to get high, to anticipate the heroin "flash," to stay "out of it" as often and for as long as possible.

Put another way, one might describe the primary addict as being hooked purely and solely for the sake of the drug, while the secondary addict is hooked in spite of it.

But to the addict it matters little whether his habit is primary or secondary. As Reid Kimball told the young woman at the indoctrination interview, "You know you're going to wind up dead in an alley or a cheap room from an overjolt if you keep this up. That's why you want to quit." Helplessly, she nodded agreement.

This, then, is a common reason for an addict contacting

Synanon. Rather than hoping for a cure, he turns to the foundation with the desperation of a bewildered animal. Those who run Synanon know this, yet an addict seeking help is never turned away.

"Nobody," asserts Dederich, "has ever come here to be cured."

"A hype doesn't want to get well," Kimball added. "He wants to *want* to get well." The first step in the Synanon rehabilitation program may be said to focus on this second-hand wish. The focus is razor sharp, precise, and deep-cutting into the addict's consciousness.

It's customary to describe the dope addict as emotionally immature," Dederich explained. "Well, we take the expression literally. Hypes are children. They think like children and they behave like children. And that's how we treat them. You treat a child as a child. You tell them what to do, when, and how to do it. You tell them when to eat, when to sleep, what's good and what's bad for them. My God, you've got to."

So, this child-care experiment at Synanon functions practicably from the foundation of its premise. The children are nurtured, taught new responsibilities as they grow, introduced to concepts and ideas they never dreamed existed.

During my visit, I sat in on a late-morning seminar held in the dining room. The discussion centered on a statement by Friederich Nietzsche to the effect that contemplation of suicide is sometimes an effective device to help one through a bad night. The sight of 22 "dope fiends" sitting around in a discussion such as this is as impressive as it seems unlikely.

At one point in the seminar, Kimball leaned across the table and whispered, "How many of these hypes ever heard of Nietzsche before they came here?"

He had a point.

At Synanon one gets the impression that time has been held at bay. For the residents there is no schedule of recovery. There is only what Paul, the bass player, termed "concentrated living."

This is a concentration that brooks no interference.

"Sometimes," explained Ross, "an addict's family will unwittingly pull him out of here by calling and asking, 'When do you think you'll be well?' Things like that. As if you can set a time limit on this thing."

After six months, Ross has reached the point where he can consider the possibility of not playing piano professionally anymore. "After all," he said reflectively, "there are other things in life. The world doesn't begin and end with music." This does not mean he is seriously considering giving up the only craft he knows. It means simply that he has accepted the reality of drug addiction and has arrived at the point where he can appreciate fully his position as a neurotic human being, trying to get well in the only way possible.

Many of the Synanon residents fill gratis speaking engagements to outside groups. Recently, for example, Ross lectured to a Presbyterian church body on the foundation's group therapy techniques. Dederich, Kimball, and many other members of the "club" have addressed disparate civic groups on Synanon's work in rehabilitation.

One result of this outside activity is that now the foundation has a regularly visiting physician, Dr. Bernard Casselman, a former police surgeon, who provides medical care to the residents at no charge. There is also free dental treatment and a volunteer ophthalmologist.

That interest in Synanon is more than casual in "high places" is evidenced in a recent invitation—a three-page telegram—to Dederich to meet with President Eisenhower's interdepartmental committee on narcotics when that body visited Los Angeles. Dederich, accompanied by Kimball,

invited the committee in turn to visit the foundation and see, in Dederich's words, "more clean hypes than have ever before been assembled."

The committee's response? Dederich reported bitterly, "You never saw such pencil doodling and elbow nudging in your life. Not one of 'em would even look at us. Then we got an official thank-you and the brush-off. Those men wouldn't drive 18 miles from their committee room to see the evidence. After coming all the way from Washington, D.C., to study narcotics addiction, they wouldn't travel an extra 18 miles to study successful rehabilitation with their own eyes!"

On yet another official level, Synanon faces much worse than the cold shoulder. The City of Santa Monica is attempting to put the foundation out of operation by charging the officers with operating a hospital without a license. Helped by a battery of four attorneys (all working free), Synanon is prepared to take the case to the U. S. Supreme Court if necessary. The legal definition of a hospital aside, the following facts probably weigh heavily in the city's official viewpoint: some of Synanon's neighbors have long been disturbed by the proximity of what they see as so many "dope fiends" under one roof and have been quite vocal in their concern; the foundation also draws no color line.

Synanon continues to function. Many business persons in the community donate food, milk, coffee, worn furniture, bedding, clothes, and money. In this connection, it is worth noting that, in a letter dated July 7, 1960, the U.S. Treasury Department declared the foundation a tax-exempt charitable organization. The letter said, "Contributions made to you are deductible by the donors in computing their taxable income in the manner and to the extent provided by Section 170 of the 1954 code."

There is no cut-and-dried order to Synanon's daily menu. It is dependent on whatever the "hustling squad" can secure from merchants—day-old bread, meat that has been stored in the freezer a little too long, stale milk and eggs. On one occasion the residents dined on pheasant for dinner but were unable to follow the meal with a cigaret. There wasn't a pack in the house, and no one had money to buy one. On the day of this reporter's visit, the dinner menu was breast of capon. The following evening it may well have been beans.

The level of personal honesty and mutual trust among the residents is little short of wondrous in view of their backgrounds.

Dederich keeps a bill-filled wallet in an open drawer of his desk. His office is never locked. "Everybody knows where it is," he said, "but it has yet to be touched by any addict living here." During an inspection of the large, well-equipped, and immaculately clean kitchen, Arnold Ross pointed to 15 cents lying on a table. "That's probably been there all day," he commented. Then he added, "And it'll lie there until the owner comes and gets it."

From the basement, with its closed-circuit television setup (donated by UCLA), to the roof, commanding a sweeping view of Santa Monica bay, Synanon hums like a beehive. It throbs with productive life, and it radiates the energy of people working together toward a common end. As writer Walker Winslow noted in an article on Synanon published in the magazine *Manas* Sept. 14, 1960, "the founders seem to be people who can take the sick and rejected and bring them together in such a way as to create what Dr. Karl Menninger calls, 'the atmosphere of people getting well,' and this with the most hopeless people on earth."

Chuck Dederich even now is setting sights on additional branches of the foundation in those urban areas where narcotics addiction is most prevalent.

Anyone interested in forming Synanon branches would be asked to visit the Santa Monica building, bringing two or three ex-addicts with him. They would stay three or four months, studying Synanon techniques. Then, along with a leader from the Santa Monica Synanon, they would return to their city to start the new branch. This would give the pioneers a working nucleus of six or seven persons for the branch. With Synanon branches established in various cities, the Santa Monica foundation would act as national headquarters for administrative centralization. The more branches like the one in Santa Monica, the greater chance of helping the pariah addict earn his place as a productive human being.

Arnold Ross, ex-heroin user, is traveling that highway to hope, along with the other members of the "club."

Prior to leaving Synanon, I mentioned to Paul, the bassist, that during the course of the day I had not heard the word "junkie" used even once. He looked puzzled. "That's funny," he said, "it never occurred to me." Then he raised his head and remarked, "That's how we think here; I guess that expression doesn't come so naturally any more."

Around the time of Arnold Ross' first inspection of Synanon, in May, 1959, saxophonist Art Pepper also showed up "to look us over," as Dederich phrased it.

But Art Pepper never went back.



FIREPLACE THERAPY AT SYNANON

Sawing logs for the three fireplaces that provide heat for the entire building are Henry Santillian, Charles Dederich, and Arnold Ross.





Gordon (Whitey) Mitchell is the noted jazz bassist, the brother of another fine bassist, Red Mitchell. Whitey, 28, has played in the rhythm sections of such groups as those of Tony Scott, J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, Charlie Ventura, Gene Krupa, Johnny Richards, Oscar Pettiford. He also has had his own group. A gifted musician, Whitey demonstrates in this article that he is also one of those rare jazzmen who can express himself as well in words as in music.

It hasn't been easy for me, as a jazz player, to devote 50 years of my life to playing with society bands, especially since I'm 28.

But if someone had kept track of all the choruses of *Lady Is a Tramp* I've had to play; all the hours I've had to spend looking for private residences on unmarked, unpaved, and unlit streets in Nassau and Fairfield counties; all the dry chicken sandwiches I've choked down in one dismal country-club kitchen after another; all the time spent in fellowship with musicians who know more about the Dow-Jones industrial average than the contents of a C7 chord; all the hours spent absorbing hysterical-emotional abuse liberally dispensed by tone-deaf baton-wavers under working conditions that would have interested Marx and Engels—then that someone could only conclude that an estimate of 50 years of servitude is a conservative one.

There seems to be a curious relationship between jazzmen and society music, and it is one that has existed for a long time.

Every successful society leader I know of depends on the ability of his band to play any tune at any moment and without benefit of music. A surprising amount of jazz is required at society functions, and it's well known that not very much jazz can be produced by a lone man waving a stick. Hence society leaders are always ready to ensnare good jazz players, and Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Bobby Hackett, Urbie Green, and scores of others, at one time or another,

have earned money playing society music.

The society music of today is a hodgepodge of warmed-over music of the '20s, Broadway show tunes, movie themes, naughty French or Italian songs, and standards, all superimposed on a cut-time kickbeat rhythm called "businessman's bounce" in an incongruous medley that lasts all evening.

Individual musicians with proof of a heart condition or weak kidneys may be excused from the stand from time to time, but the band plays on. This is known as "playing continuous." And union scale for this type of work is high. So, I suspect, is the mortality rate.

Our beloved union insists, with a display of rare insight, that each musician must have at least a five-minute break for every hour played on a continuous job and allows that these five-minute breaks may be accumulated to form one glorious intermission. But by the time you've found the men's room, the kitchen, your dry chicken sandwich, the mayonnaise, a coffee cup, coffee, cream, sugar, and spoon, you'll be lucky to have 90 seconds left of your intermission.

All this time, of course, a skeleton crew remains on duty pounding out melodies for the dancers. The band sounds a little empty, but by this time the people are in no condition to notice, and the bandleader invariably makes up for the lack of volume by increasing the tempo. The music must never stop, you see, for if it does, some couple might leave the floor, and some other couple might realize how asinine they've been dancing all this time, and still another couple might notice how much their feet hurt, and all these people leaving the floor at the same time might precipitate a rush for the door that might end the party, infuriate the hostess, blackball this particular orchestra leader with this particular social set, and eventually drive him into the dry-cleaning business with his brother-in-law.

No wonder, then, you get a withering stare if you stop momentarily, after hours of relentless pumping, to see if gangrene has set in anywhere.

You may wonder why any self-respecting musician would seek to earn his living this way. But the uncertainties of the music profession are enough to unnerve anyone, and if you throw yourself wholeheartedly into the club date society field, you can earn a good living.

My problem has been that I don't call this living. I would agree that a jazz musician who quits low-paying jazz cellars for high-paying society work is a prostitute. I would like to point out, however, that only a handful of jazzmen in the world can afford to play exactly what they want, when they want to play it. The rest of us have to compromise our talent to some extent, no matter what kind of work we do. Think of the countless movies and television dramas with jazz-oriented plots that inevitably have their "night-club scene" in which a five-piece combo (led by Jack Lemmon) plays an involved cacophony (arranged for the full studio orchestra by Pete Rugolo) and in which someone like Gerry Mulligan has been hired to say, "Man, let's split."

I would like to offer illustrations of some of my experiences in society work, and I'll attempt to boil all of them down into one job, on one occasion, and under the baton of one maestro, whom I shall call Julius Martinet.

On the union exchange floor, where musicians mill around like a mob of stevedores waiting to be hired for unloading a banana boat, Julius' contractor, Melvin, asked me if I had been hired yet for the following Sunday. Unfortunately, I couldn't say that I had, so I wrote down the directions and was hired for the Waltney party at the Sandtrap country club near Old Quogue on Long Island. The occasion, as I understood it, was the first anniversary of the AT&T stock split.

Saturday night at 9:05, in the ballroom of the Sandtrap country club, as the drummer finished setting up and as the other musicians applied resin or valve oil or adjusted their rugs, Julius was busy thinking up schemes for by-passing an intermission and trying to decide which members of the orchestra he would pick on during the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Waltney were stationed at the entrance to the ballroom, waiting to greet their first guests. A car engine was heard, and the Waltney social secretary signaled to Julius that the first group was arriving.

Julius started slapping his thigh at the approximate tempo we would be pursuing for the rest of the engagement, and was screwing up his face trying to think of some appropriate music for the host and hostess, who are of Roman Catholic persuasion. Unable to think of an opening tune, Julius whispered to the band at large, "What do you play for Catholics?" and without missing a beat, the first trumpet player whispered back, *I'm Confessin'*. Julius gave the down beat, and we were off.

After the medley had been in progress for an hour or so, a friendly waiter appeared at the bandstand with a full tray of gin and tonics for the band. Before Julius could utter his famous line "My boy's don't drink or smoke," one of the saxophone players pulled Julius' coattail and pointed significantly to the rear of the room.

Julius put on his glasses, turned around, and peered into the crowd for about 15 seconds. Seeing nothing unusual, he turned back to the band, put away his glasses, and scowled at the saxophonist who now was involved in a chorus of *Sweet Georgia Brown*. Meanwhile, the tray of drinks had been looted, and a large cloud of tobacco smoke enveloped the brass section.

At about the two-hour mark, the party began to move into high gear, with emphasis on the word high. Julius sensed that the orchestra's esprit de corps left something to be desired, so he flagged down a waiter and asked him to bring glasses of water for the musicians. By prearrangement with a certain bartender, some of these glasses were filled with the type of water that leaves one breathless, and to the

amazement of nobody but Julius, the band began to rally.

Then it became time for the nightly contest between the brass and reed sections to determine which group could skip bars more gracefully than the other. At the high point of this meter-losing set, we established a new world's record by playing *St. Louis Blues* in five bars and two beats.

Failing to get any satisfactory reaction from either Julius or the guests, the band turned eagerly to the bar-adding contest to see who most casually could add eight, 10, or 20 bars of music to a 32-bar song. For instance, Julius called *Tramp* and then turned around to sign a few autographs. The band took up the challenge and played:

*I get too hungry for dinner at eight,  
I like the theater, but never come late,  
I like the theater, but never come late,  
I like the theater, but never come late,  
I like the theater, but never come late.*

At this point, Julius whirled around, with a wounded expression, and the band continued:

*I never bother with people I hate,  
That's why the lady is a tramp!*

Two grueling hours and three rounds of water later, Julius seemed to be inspired anew, judging from the semaphoric activity of his arms.

He tripped over another of the many glasses of water that had been finding their way to the vicinity of his feet throughout the evening and complained to the rhythm section that the tempo was rushing. Possibly this occurred to him because we had just finished *California, Here I Come* and now were attempting to play *My Funny Valentine* at the same tempo.

After a series of audible goans, which seemed to swell with each passing moment, Julius reluctantly fished out his watch, and after a secretive screening, announced it was five minutes to 1 and time for the *Good Night, Ladies* medley.

We all had our own watches, and they all said at least 10 after 1, and we all knew that there would be at least two hours' overtime, having been informed of this at the time we were booked, but everyone good-naturedly went along with the farce.

At the first strains of *Good Night, Ladies*, those of us who didn't have horns in our faces began to moan, "No . . . no . . . no" without moving our lips. Soon the guests who were still coherent took up the cry, and Mrs. Waltney came rushing up to Julius and insisted that the band stay at least another hour. We went right into *Everything's Coming up Roses*, and Julius was so pleased that he forgot about finding out who the fink in the band was who had yelled, "Hooray!"

An hour later the same stunt was employed. Only this time, the ratio of "no" to "hooray" seemed to be reversed. Julius had knocked over two more water glasses and was by now soaked to his knees. The band, too numb to care, played on.

During the third hour of overtime, one couple began dancing on the high diving board of the pool outside. Of course, they were soon pushed in, and as soon as they climbed out of the pool, they grabbed some of the curious onlookers and made participants out of them.

It soon became more fashionable to be in the pool than out, and posers were formed to round up all the squares who were still dry. Julius had just asked Mrs. Waltney about the fourth hour of overtime when 12 husky dripping guests arrived and dragged her, screaming, into the pool. This left only the band dry, and after a chorus of *By the Sea*, we departed in record time. Julius had to stay over in Old Quogue that night because he didn't have the nerve to ask anyone to ruin his car upholstery on his behalf.

This may sound like a lot of fiction, but it's not. As they say on television . . . only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Besides, I'm still open Saturday.





## NIGHT CLUB SOUND

By CHARLES GRAHAM

The sound of music in clubs and concert halls is better today than ever before, not only because the art of jazz continues to develop but also because the science of sound keeps improving. Audiences that once heard jazz only half projected over inferior sound systems now expect the best in sound reproduction. Better systems, as found in some clubs and halls, have increased audience awareness of music as *sound*.

In the early days of audio electronics, before hi-fi, an indoor sound system was used for one purpose only—to amplify a singer's voice (or solo horn) loud enough to carry over the accompaniment. Today, sound systems for concerts and other indoor sessions do more than simply amplify solos.

It's true that a system's first job is to amplify the live music, particularly if a large area is involved, but good sound systems *reinforce* the original (direct) sounds in such a way that no difference between the direct and the electrically projected sound will be noticed.

Reinforcement is needed in all but very small entertainment rooms to make the music heard with proper balance throughout the room. It must also amplify both the treble notes and the lowest tones of drums and bass equally or else listeners far removed from the stage will hear only part of the music.

And before long, the best systems will be able to add controlled reverberation to the over-all sound to compensate for deficiencies found in the acoustics of the room. This is called ambiophony ("ambio" or "reverb," for short).

Ambiophony has improved the acoustics in Milan's La Scala Opera house, in the grand auditorium of the Brussels' World's fair, and in other major auditoriums. At present, no clubs in this country are using ambiophony (we'll call it reverberation from here on, though that's only one part of it), but

it's a good bet that some will make use of its advances before long.

In medium-sized clubs the band's sound system usually doubles as a paging system, but this places no burden on it, since the electronic requirements for paging are much easier to meet than are those for amplifying and reinforcing music.

The parts of a good club sound system are much like those of a high fidelity listening setup, and the components are often made by the same companies. The heart of such a system is the amplifier, which may be divided into preamp (input receptacles from mikes and phonograph, controls, and a few small tubes) and the power amplifier. Or the amplifier may be on one chassis, as in a components system.

There are the input sound sources, in this case, microphones, with the possible addition of a phonograph arm and turntable and perhaps an FM tuner or tape recorder for background music. There also are two or more speakers in enclosures.

Most systems need at least two microphones: one for vocals, solos, and announcements and the other farther back, near the piano or drums. It usually picks up the bass and other rhythm instruments for projection to the far corners of the listening area and also can be used to highlight piano or back-row solos.

One or two more microphones placed elsewhere on stage will make it unnecessary for musicians to move the microphone while they're playing.

It's best to have a simple paging microphone placed offstage for management announcements. These microphones need not be very expensive—good units are available from \$65 (excluding cost of stand). Above that price, sound differences are slight, and paying more than \$125 is unnecessary.

A medium-size club usually can get by with a 30-watt amplifier if it's a recognized make, honestly rated. These cost from \$130 to \$250.

The amplifier must have several microphone inputs. Since most high fidelity amplifiers designed for home use have only one mike input—but are excellent for club use in other respects—a small external microphone mixer (\$50 to \$150) can be added. These mixers handle up to four microphones.

Two speakers (a minimum number) should cost from \$80 to \$200 each. If it adds a changer for \$75 and a good FM tuner for \$120, the medium-size club would have a good system for a cost of between \$450 and \$1,000.

Installation is simple and, except for hanging the speakers, which should be up at least six feet off the floor, usually can be done in less than an hour.

Late last year Bobby Hackett, long

a high fidelity enthusiast, was playing an extended engagement at Eddie Condon's New York club. Hackett sold Condon the idea of installing a high-quality sound system.

The equipment cost less than \$500 and provides as good sound reinforcement and amplification as can be heard anywhere in a similar night spot. It includes a Fisher X-202 stereo amplifier (20 watts a channel); two Tandberg loudspeakers; two Tandberg microphones, and an Electro-Voice 636 microphone.

The Tandberg microphones are hung from the ceiling about 10 feet in front of the bandstand and about 12 feet apart. These two mikes provide stereo pickup of the music and feed it into the two channels of the Fisher amplifier. The amp feeds these two stereo signals to each of the Tandberg speakers halfway back in the room.

The speakers are mounted about 10 feet up on the wall, angling downward the rear half of the listening area. The Electro-Voice microphone is mounted on a standard, adjustable-height floor stand. It's used for soloists and announcements.

Another, newer club in New York City, the Village Gate, also has an effective sound setup. Owner Art D'Lugoff said he felt that he wanted to improve the sound system, which had been just a standard public address setup. His problem was complicated by the size of the club, which has 25-foot ceilings and covers an area almost 100 feet in each direction.

D'Lugoff placed University outdoor types of high fidelity speakers (Model BLC, with separate woofer and tweeter) about 30 feet on each side of the bandstand, which is in a corner of the room.

He has three on-stage microphones (two Shure Model 55s and an E-V 664) in addition to an Astatic paging mike offstage at the control booth. In the control booth, a Garrard variable-speed turntable and arm feed into a Western Electric preamp-amplifier. The resulting sound reinforcement is excellent.

In planning a club's sound system, the application of these general principles may prove helpful:

Hire an experienced technician to help plan, install, and maintain the equipment.

Don't get the cheapest equipment, particularly when it comes to choosing the amplifier; get one guaranteed to stand heavy use.

Use several speakers set out fanwise from the stage. Don't rely on one speaker (or even two in a big hall) and overload it, blasting the people sitting nearest.

Have an experienced sound man at the controls when the system's in use—don't use a waiter or a bartender.





## IRVING TOWNSEND

An artists and repertoire man who limits himself to recording jazz is not only being deprived of a better livelihood, he's missing greater personal satisfaction as well.

This is the firm opinion of Irving Townsend, Columbia Records' a&r executive producer on the west coast, and it may be considered slightly ironic in view of his long association with Duke Ellington and his more recent professional alliances with Miles Davis and other top jazz musicians.

"I'm not exclusively a jazz a&r man," he emphasized recently, "and I don't want to be, either." He stated his reason simply: "Not all the music I'm interested in is jazz."

"Nobody," he continued, "who sticks to jazz exclusively is going to make any money in the record business. There isn't that much business in jazz anyway. Even though Columbia is the major jazz seller, there aren't more than a half-dozen jazz people who're selling really well on the label."

To the critics and disc jockeys who "sound off on the jazz record output," Townsend merely says, "They should have some idea of the economics of the thing." Jazz production, he amplified, is by no means a cut-and-dried affair whereby dates are called on a moment's notice without any planning or preconception.

"Most jazz dates are chaotic, anyway," he said. "I suppose this is because jazz musicians don't seem to feel the need for self-discipline. But all art must have self-discipline. Duke does; most of the men in his band don't. That's why he's where he is and why they're where they are."

Stressing the validity of hard, serious-minded work, he pointed out, "The great jazz people are working guys. You don't find Miles showing up drunk at a date, for example. He's there to work, not to fool around."

Expanding on the subject of Davis, Townsend continued, "He must have everything right when he shows up at the studio. He wants to feel right, and he wants the guys in the band to feel right. If this feeling is absent, he'll just go home."

Warming to the subject, Townsend declared, "Miles Davis is the only jazz

artist I know who can do an original piece in a studio and play it better than it'll ever be done in club." Moreover, the a&r man said, Davis usually prefers to do a number in just one take. "And," Townsend added, "even if there are a few clams in it, we'll accept it if the over-all feeling is good."

As an example of what Townsend called "the sheer inventive ability" of Miles and the men in his group, he cited the session that produced the album, *Kinda Blue*.

"For one tune—I forget which one just now—Miles came to the studio with six staves written on a sheet of manuscript paper. He tore off each staff and handed one to each guy. And



IRVING TOWNSEND

this is what they built that particular performance on. The musicians played from the scraps of paper curling on the music stands."

Outside jazz, Townsend's duties include an extremely diversified recording schedule. He is responsible for recording some 25 artists on the west coast, a much greater number, he explained, than is usual. These performers include Frankie Laine, Vic Damone, Johnny Mathis, Doris Day, Jimmy Rushing, Big Miller (a new Columbia acquisition) and Mahalia Jackson. (Though Miss Jackson lives in Chicago, she is Townsend's responsibility.)

Of Miss Jackson, Townsend admitted, "I love to record her. She's far more satisfying to record than many jazz artists, for example. A lot of jazz lacks humor and spontaneity; Mahalia never."

As an example of his varied assignments, Townsend referred to a session with poet Carl Sandburg re-

cently. "It's quite a jump," he noted, "from recording a 17-year-old kid singing rock and roll to Sandburg, who's 83." With typically quiet New England humor, he added, "You can't exactly make an 83-year-old man change his style."

Townsend's approach to his work is highly personal in terms of his relationships with artists. "There's not an artist in the world who doesn't have his own peculiarities," he explained. "Everybody's different. Some like to be let alone; some need to be pampered, to be guided so as to bring out the best in them. So the a&r man must know how to handle each one. You don't handle Doris Day as you do Mahalia, for example."

Townsend doesn't pretend to be an engineer, being content to leave the technical work to technicians. "But," he declared with decided emphasis, "I'm against splicing unless absolutely necessary."

In jazz recording, Townsend favors letting the soloist blow naturally into the mike, just as he plays in a club. (Many a&r men and engineers doctor the natural sound of the horn from the recording booth. Not Townsend.) Citing Johnny Hodges and Ben Webster as examples, he commented dryly, "A little air doesn't hurt the music."

Is there an ideal way, a perfect and foolproof way to record jazz?

Said Townsend flatly, "The best thing to do with jazz is to let it alone."

### Producer's Choice

Irving Townsend, one of the most prolific a&r producers in the industry, selects the following three albums, out of the welter of discs supervised by him during the past 15 years, as particular personal favorites:

*A Drum Is a Woman*, recorded by Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Columbia CL 951. Townsend commented, "This is a jazz allegory. It represents Duke personally more than anything he's ever made. There's more musical autobiography in that than in anything he's done."

*Kinda Blue*, recorded by the Miles Davis Quintet, Columbia CL 1355. Townsend commented, "This is a jazz album that *did* sell very well."

*The Power and the Glory*, recorded by Mahalia Jackson with the Percy Faith Orchestra, Columbia CL 1473. Townsend commented, "This was the first time she'd ever recorded with orchestral accompaniment, that is, without having the melody behind her: Mildred is always playing melody on piano. This was a real triumph for her—and for me."



# FRENETIC

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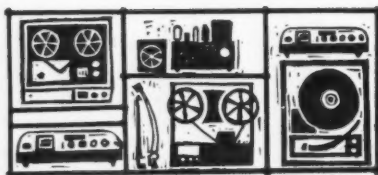
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## Q & A

### SIMPLE AND ECONOMICAL COMPONENTS

My wife and I plan a stereo components system to include phonograph and tape playback, as well as FM radio—and multiplex, for stereo broadcasts from FM when they're available. We want to save as much money as we can but not at the expense of true high fidelity, so we have decided to build as much of the system as we can ourselves.

Though I am good at putting new plugs on toasters, that's about the extent of my electrical experience. Neither of us has ever soldered anything before.

Which components should we buy already set up and which can we safely build from kits?

Red Bank, N. J.

H. Uguro

Kits for the mechanical parts of a sound system can be put together by almost anyone, thanks to the excellent instructions supplied with them today.

Turntables, tone arms, and speaker systems (called semi-kits by some makers, since they are the simplest to assemble) are recommended for assembly from kits. Savings on turntable and arm kits range from about 25 to 35 percent of the cost of similar, factory-assembled units.

Speaker kits offer smaller savings, except when the wood is unfinished. The savings over finished cabinetry are substantial. Assembly time for mechanical components kits ranges from 30 minutes to a couple of hours.

Kits for building amplifiers and tuners require more time and care, but they can be mastered by most persons who really want to succeed with them.

Easiest to assemble and wire are kits for basic (power) amplifiers. These exclude the more complicated circuitry of the preamplifier section of complete amplifiers and are recommended for those who are doubtful of their ability but want to try anyhow.

Next in complexity come monophonic preamplifiers and then complete mono amplifiers. Finally, with more parts and connections to wire and solder, are the

complete, all-in-one stereo amplifiers. Even these, and FM-AM tuners, can successfully be put together by the beginner, though they require more time and careful attention to instructions.

FM-only tuner kits are much simpler to put together than FM-AM kits, and the beginner might do as well to start off with a kit for an FM tuner as with one for a power (basic) amplifier.

Kits for tape recorders and one record changer are available but are not recommended at this time.

Savings in assembling and wiring electronic kits run from about one-third to almost one-half the price of similar, factory-assembled components. This can mean a good deal of money if you are thinking in terms of a high-quality system.

All kits provide instructions for the man who's new at soldering, and most companies even have a service for checking finished units and correcting mistakes, if any, for less than \$5 a kit.

### REVERBERATION

We recently bought a components high fidelity stereo system, spending more than \$500 for it, not counting the cost of cabinet work. It sounds wonderful, bringing out things in records and radio broadcasts we never knew were there. But now we hear about reverberation, which the latest sets are supposed to have. Are we missing something? Is this like adding echo to a recording? Can it be added to our system?

Houston, Texas

Robert Prince

A simple explanation of reverberation, as it applies to a high fidelity system, is that it is like the addition of a variable amount of echo to the sound.

Several producers of packaged hi-fi sets and a number of high fidelity components manufacturers are marketing reverberation units with their own sets, or as accessories that can be added to most components systems. These units cost about \$50 and are easily added to most systems. A report on these units is scheduled for this department in a few months.

Many engineers regard the use of these units in the home as mere gadgetry to cover weaknesses in the set. Others point out that since the user can control the amount of reverberation, or turn it off completely, it's up to the individual to determine how much he thinks is advisable. In small rooms, there's no doubt that a controlled amount of reverberation can add to the realism of a recording, especially if the record was made in a "dead" studio.

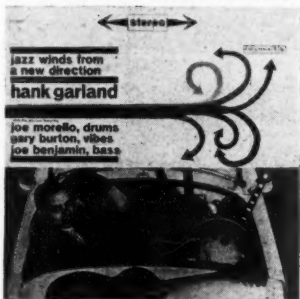
### TV SOUND IMPROVEMENT

My high fidelity system provides fine sound from discs, tapes, and FM radio. But there are programs on television with music I'd like to hear well. My

# the sound of JAZZ



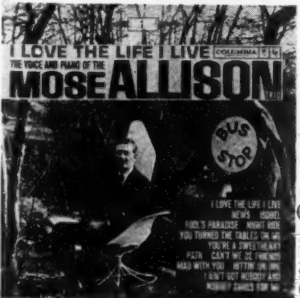
CS 8379/CL 1579\*



CS 8372/CL 1572\*



CS 8363/CL 1563\*



CS 8365/CL 1565\*

\*Regular

on  
Columbia Records

television set has a 10-inch speaker in the bottom of its big cabinet, but the sound is pretty sad. What can I do to improve the TV sound?

Duluth, Minn.

Lee G. Wiggins

Many TV sets have much smaller speakers—five inches or less in diameter—and can be improved by removing the two speaker leads from the small speaker in the TV cabinet and extending them to a larger medium-grade speaker in a larger, more rigid cabinet.

Even a 10- or 12-inch speaker costing \$15 or \$20 can provide substantial bass improvement. Even if a set already has an eight-inch speaker, replacing it with a high-quality one in the same cabinet will usually improve sound quality.

In your case, you should spend \$5 to \$10 for a TV serviceman's house call. Have him tap a shielded lead off the top of the volume control of your TV set (provided it is powered by a transformer, because if this work is done on a nontransformer set, it can mean death for the repairman) and run it out to plug into the "aux" input of your high fidelity amplifier. The TV sound will be as good as, or better, than any other you get now.

## TAPING BROADCASTS

I've got a good tape recorder and a good radio. How can I connect them together to make good tape recordings of radio broadcasts? I've tried putting the microphone in front of the radio, but it loses bass, and the highs are raucous.

Hot Springs, Ark.

Lisa R. Weiskop

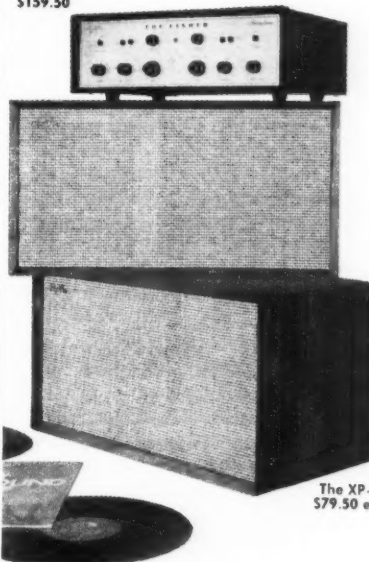
It's always better to make connections between a tape recorder and a radio or high fidelity tuner electrically with a shielded cable. This is because the radio's speaker, no matter how good, introduces distortion. If it's a table radio, distortion can be excessive—from 15 to 30 percent isn't unusual. Too, the microphone usually supplied with home recorders is worth about \$25 and can't possibly provide perfect fidelity. Finally, even if both the speaker and the mike were perfect, there'd still be imperfect coupling through the air between them. All these problems are eliminated with direct electrical connection.

If your radio is *not* an AC-DC model (most small sets are; see the label on rear or bottom) any radioman can run a shielded lead from the volume control of your receiver out to a plug that will fit into the "radio-phono" receptacle on your recorder.

A useful seven-page booklet, *Tape It Off the Air*, tells how to make perfect recordings from broadcasts and several ways of making the connections required. Drop a card to Q & A, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.

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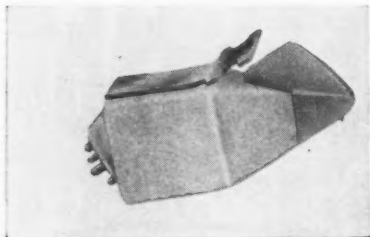
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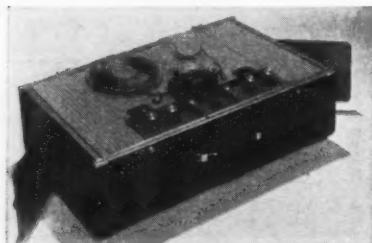
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# NEW PRODUCTS



High-rated magnetic phono cartridge by Pickering is model 380, priced at \$29.85, with readily-replaced diamond for stereo (and mono) LPs.

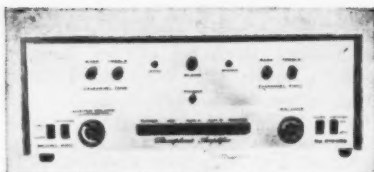


Complete stereo playback system by Ampex includes two power amplifiers and two 7-inch oval speakers in ends of recorder case. Stereo monitoring recorder model 970 has provision for headphone monitoring which disables 970's speakers, or for bypassing power amps for bigger playback system in the home. \$750.



Dual power amplifiers on one chassis provide 45 watts for each stereo channel. Top-rated Scott 290 has gain controls in each channel, meter for checking balance of each output stage. The cost is \$240, including cage.

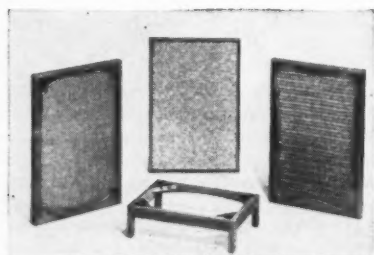
26 • DOWN BEAT



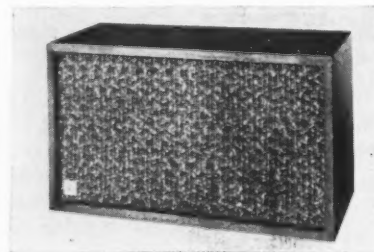
First in a line of components for the home by Murray Crosby, developer of the multiplex system likely to get FCC approval, this 28-watt stereo amplifier includes all controls and facilities for maximum flexibility. \$120.



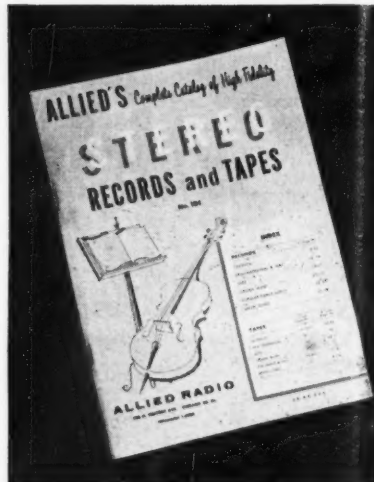
Stereo headphones offered by Allied Radio, Knight KN-840 costs \$23. Unit for convenient chairside control costs \$6.



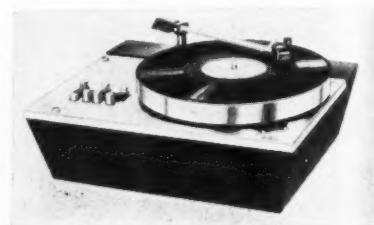
Medallion XII three-speaker system includes high quality 12-inch woofer, 8-inch mid-range, and new design tweeter. In any of four finishes, \$140. Shown here are optional front frames for Early American, Provincial, and other styles at \$15 each. Optional base is also \$15. University Loudspeakers, Inc.



Acoustic suspension speaker by inventor's company, Acoustic Research, Inc., comes in three basic models from \$86 to \$225. Similar excellent-sounding units are made under license by KLH, Inc., and Heathkit Company.



This catalog of stereo records and stereo tapes has 82 pages, divided into categories including jazz, classical, test and demonstration, pops, mood, dance, organ, and show tunes, and will be sent free on request from Allied Radio, 100 N. Western Ave., Chicago 80, Ill.



This London-Scott arm and integrated cartridge is mounted on Scott's turntable, which includes a Vernier adjustment of three speeds plus push button speed selection and built-in neon light for precise speed settings. The arm-cartridge is \$90, the turntable \$130, 78 slip-on diamond cartridge, \$60.



All-in-one FM-AM stereo tuner-amplifier needs only speakers for radio operation, and a turntable for stereo-disc reproduction. It can also supply separate FM on one channel, AM on the other. The manufacturer is Allied Radio; the price is \$170, less case (\$9).

# FROM THE NEXT BOOTH

a conversation overheard . . .

By WILLIS CONOVER

I will say, I've never seen you wearing a *tie* in bad taste. Your ties have always been acceptable. Only—nobody wears a Windsor knot any more. I'll show you.

Thanks a lot.

Walt! I've known you for a couple of years. Have you ever heard me say anything about your clothes. Have I ever?

No.

If you want me to tell you, I will.

Is there something wrong with what I wear? Something wrong with this suit I've got on?

The material would be all right if it didn't have that *gray* going through it. But the *cut*! Walt, it makes you look like a —. If you want to get anywhere up here, you've got to—

What's wrong with the cut?

Well in the first place, it's too full in the seat and the legs. The legs should be cut narrower. Then—

What about my jacket? The shoulders are narrow.

I didn't say your shoulders were *padded*. But the—

So what's wrong with the *jacket*?

You see the seams? Up here at the shoulder? Look. They're about a quarter of an inch too high up. Compare them with mine. Do you see the difference?

Come on, Carroll! Who's going to notice a quarter of an—

No one's going to *comment* on it, but it marks you as a—

You mean, people actually—

The *difference* is, no one notices it if you're *properly* dressed, but they do notice it if you *aren't*. Immediately, they categorize you. And if you're trying to get somewhere in New York, you can't afford to be recognized as being a, uh—as outside the—as a non-New Yorker.

All right, so what do you recommend?

Look, I'll take you around to my tailor. It'll cost you a little more than you've been paying for your suits, but if you're going to get anywhere up here—

Who's your tailor?

Sills. Press. You need a London Burberry topcoat, too; I'll take you to J. Press. People put their *old* Burberrys on the hood of their *car*, in winter. They wouldn't let anything *but* a Burberry be seen on their cars, outside. We'll go around to Sills to get you started on a wardrobe. I'll introduce you. It's like a club. They don't want just anybody coming—

Well, that's very nice of you, Carroll.

And listen. Your shirts. You should wear a button-down Egyptian cotton. I'll take you to Brooks. And get rid of those floppy loafers.

I paid—

They look like hell. If you can afford it, you should get a pair of Peal's. They last for 20 years. They don't even *look* good, the first few months. They last so long, it takes them six months to even *look* good. Look at mine. Look at that shine.

What do you shine them with?

It doesn't matter. They—

Well what *do* you shine them with?

I don't shine them. I've never shined my own shoes in my *life*!

Well don't sound so proud about it. You're beginning to sound like a snob, Carroll.

You've got to *think* like a snob, but not *be* one. That's

the *secret*. I'll tell you something else. Don't *ever* wear a white shirt in the *daytime*. Always wear a colored shirt.

Why?

Because, if you wear a white shirt, it looks like you *have* to wear a white shirt. An *office* clerk. You wear a white shirt only in the *evening*. And *sometimes*—ha, ha—you wear a colored shirt in the *evenings*, too. That shows that you *know* the white shirt is proper, but you don't *care*—it doesn't *apply* to you. The *only exception* to a white shirt in the daytime is when you're wearing a sport jacket. And *always* wear garters at night. If there's anything that disgusts people, it's some white *leg* showing at the top of your socks.

Where did you learn all this?

I grew up with it, in my *family*. It's something you don't even think about; it's the way things *are*. We'll get you properly dressed. Then I'll introduce you around. Whatta y'know, inside of six months maybe you'll be up here *all* the time.

I couldn't leave my job.

No, I mean, you'll be *working* up here.

Well . . .

Walt. How do you *stand* it down there? That's the *stupidest* *dullest* town I've ever been in! I'd go out of my *mind* there! You belong in New York. New York is the center of the world. Everybody who has anything comes to New York. You know what, Walt?

What?

You know what I'm capable of? I'm capable of doing something to ruin your job down there, get you kicked out, just so you'd *have* to come to New York.

Well don't ever try it, Carroll.

Walt! Think of the *chicks* you'd meet here!

I know a few.

Yeah, but the—. Walt. You go out with these *secretaries*. I'm talking about—. You get established up here, and you'd move in *society*. I could introduce you. The girls *you* take out, they're kind of cheap.

So why do you always come along? I've got a date, and *you* come along, and the first thing I know, you've got your arm around them. We go out of a club, and you rush ahead of me and open the door for them, taking them by the arm, like it's *your* date.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

I got along all right with Brenda.

Yeah, but *I* introduced you. You didn't stand a chance.

What do you mean?

Everyone I've introduced to Brenda falls in love with her. Everyone comes around and asks me: What kind of a girl is she? Tell me about Brenda. Ha, ha, ha! Everyone. She wasn't going to get interested in *you*.

You mean, you—you put me with her, *knowing* I was going to, to, to get interested?

Right, ha, ha!

And you *knew* she wasn't going to, to get interested in me?

Of course! Ha, ha, ha!

Well, what the hell? What did you *do* it for, Carroll? I went through—

Well, Walt, it's a *fait accompli*. You know, you shouldn't always make a play for the girls you meet through me. People know you're my friend; they assume you're in *my* class.



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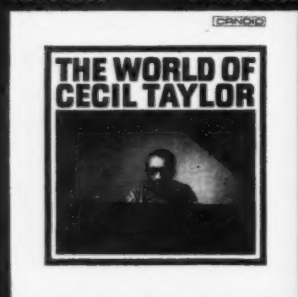


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# in review

## • RECORDS

## • JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE

## • BLINDFOLD TEST

## • CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Frank Kofsky, Marshall Stearns, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

## CLASSICS

### Backhaus/Beethoven

BEETHOVEN PIANO CONCERTO NO. 5 (Emperor)—Richmond B-19072.

Personnel: Wilhelm Backhaus, pianist; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Clemens Krauss.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

If the introduction of stereo did nothing else, it opened up a gold mine of bargains for the eagle-eyed record collector.

Fine monaural records are turning up under low-priced labels such as London's \$1.98 Richmond series. Such a good buy is this *Emperor* by Wilhelm Backhaus, a performance that was technically outmoded by his re-recording of the entire Beethoven cycle in stereo.

The Backhaus style in this summit meeting with Beethoven will not be to everyone's taste, but it is a legitimate interpretation by an artist (now 76) who knows what he is doing every moment.

His calculated precision and reverently correct style are less appropriate to Beethoven's final piano concerto than to some others, however. (D.H.)

### Brandenburg Concertos

BACH BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS (complete)—Richmond BA-42002.

Personnel: Karl Munchinger, conductor, and Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra; Reinhold Barchet, solo violin; Andre Pepin, Alohnse Roy, solo flutes; Heinz Kirchner, Franz Beyer, solo violas; Siegfried Barchet, solo cello.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The reissue of this famous set of records by Richmond (London's economy label) now makes it possible to own the six Brandenburg concertos in a first-class monaural version for less than \$4. Until Munchinger himself re-recorded these works for stereo, this was the definitive version in the LP catalog, and it represents a great bargain at this price.

The sound is seldom far from equaling 1960 standards and is always entirely adequate. Over-all, it is still hard to improve on this collection for musicianship, scholarship, and elan. The general approach is more genuinely baroque in spirit and instrumentation than some persons will care for, so those who like their Bach a la Stokowski are hereby warned away. (D.H.)

### Pro Arte Quartet/Mozart

MOZART QUARTET IN G MINOR for Piano and Strings (K.478) and QUINTET IN G MINOR (K.516)—Angel COLH-42 (Great Recordings of the Century series).

Personnel: Artur Schnabel, piano; Pro Arte Quartet (Alphonse Onnou, Laurent Halleux, violins; Germain Prevost, viola; Robert Mass, cello); Alfred Hobday, viola.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

These recordings were one of the glories

of the pre-LP era, and their reissue on one disc is reason to send up incense to Angel Records.

Dating from 1934, the sound would not be expected to be much, perhaps; the fact is that a magnificent engineering job has been done. Schnabel's piano is bright, in contrast to the strings in the quartet, but excellent balance is achieved by reducing the treble. Best of all, there is none of the foggy, indeterminate pitch that mars most reissues of pre-LP recordings.

The performances themselves have a quiet poignancy, partly traceable to leisurely tempos, that is hard to discover in Mozart recordings.

Both these works are Mozart at his darkest and most introspective, and it is not often that a group finds the balance between unruffled classicism and breast-beating romanticism that suits the mood best. (D.H.)

## JAZZ

### Cannonball Adderley

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE—Riverside 344; *Sack o' Woe*; *Big "P"*; *Blue Daniel*; *Azule Serape*; *Exodus*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The presence of Feldman in the Adderley quintet may create a problem. At least that possibility is suggested on this record, for Feldman consistently cuts the two Adderleys. And there is another difficulty with this group: it has unusually good basic material, and the opening and closing ensembles which bring this material into focus are so intriguing that one wishes they could be developed at greater length instead of being thrown aside to let the soloists take over. Only *Exodus*, of this collection, holds up all the way through—ensembles, solos, and all. Nat has a well-developed solo on *Blue Daniel*, and Cannon starts out brightly on most of the pieces but does not sustain his solos. Feldman, on the other hand, plays with perceptive variety, stomping guttily through the jaunty *Sack o' Woe*, evoking an appropriately sweeping expansiveness on *Blue Daniel*, and building on *Azule Serape* from a deceptively easy entrance to a rocking climax.

The set was recorded at the Lighthouse and includes Cannon's gracefully amusing introductions. His unique ability to talk to an audience with intelligence, civility, and wit does a great deal toward establishing a warm, receptive atmosphere for his group. (J.S.W.)

### Count Basie

STRING ALONG WITH BASIE—Roulette (Birdland) R 52051; *Summertime*; *Song of the Islands*; *Stringing the Blues*; *The One I Love*; *Blue and Sentimental*; *Blues Bittersweet*; *Poor Butterfly*; *These Foolish Things Remind Me of You*; *She's Funny That Way*.

Personnel: Basie, piano; Ben Webster or Illinois Jacquet, tenor saxophone; orchestra and rhythm section unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Charlie Parker and Ray Charles, among others, have made it quite clear that an intelligent combination of jazzmen with strings is capable of producing works that are disturbing in their intensity. Hence the idea behind this LP seems a valid one: get Count Basie out of the band and put him with a tenor sax, strings, and rhythm section, thus providing an unusual opportunity to view Basie as soloist rather than accompanist.

Unfortunately, the idea wasn't executed as well as it might have been. The main flaw is that the strings are cast in too dominant a role, oftentimes carrying the melody when they should be restricted to simple backgrounds and fill-ins, and consequently forcing Basie and the tenorist into a subordinate position.

The result is an LP that is primarily a mood album, albeit a superior one. This is not to deny that there are several moments of genuine jazz feeling scattered throughout but rather to regret that they were not maintained longer.

Even so, *String Along* reillustrates a jazz truism: when it comes to saying a lot with the absolute minimum number of notes, no one can beat Basie. (F. K.)

### Louis Bellson

DRUMMER'S HOLIDAY—Verve MG V-8354; *Blues for Keeps*; *For Louis's Kicks*; *T-Bones*; *I'm Shooting High*; *How Many Times?*; *Portofino*; *Drummer's Holiday*; *Limehouse Blues*.

Personnel: Bellson, drums; unidentified big band.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

To judge from the leader's liner notes, this album is aimed at least in part at the dance-band market. Certainly it is superior, considered as a dance-band LP, but as straight jazz-for-listening it leaves something to be desired. Buddy Rich's *Richcraft* album on Mercury, for example, is another recent studio big-band date, but it comes out much more hard-swinging.

The rating represents that of the album as a whole, within which there is a good bit of variation in quality. Tracks such as *Limehouse Blues* and *Blues for Keeps* easily could be three-star ones or higher, while a selection like *I'm Shooting High*, with an arrangement that reminds me of Dave Pell, seems effete. Ken Loring sings on *Portofino*, and it is strictly schmaltz.

Not a bad album but not the best of big-band jazz by any means. (F. K.)

### Tina Brooks

TRUE BLUE—Blue Note 4041: *Good Old Soul; Up Tight's Creek; Theme for Doris; True Blue; Miss Hazel; Nothing Ever Changes My Love for You.*

Personnel: Brooks, tenor saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Tina (pronounced Ty-na, a corruption of the nickname "Tiny") Brooks has made a previous appearance on record with trumpeter Hubbard, like himself a relative newcomer to the jazz turntables. A native of Fayetteville, N. C., Harold Floyd Brooks at 28 has paid his dues with the r&b boys (Amos Milburn, Sonny Thompson, et al.) and made one tour with Lionel Hampton's Band, that incubator for so many of today's forceful blowers. He has shared horn space on a previous Blue Note LP of Hubbard's.

The tenorist's principal asset is vigor and forthrightness, as previously noted by this reviewer on the Hubbard set. A debit, though, is his whining sound which, after very few hearings, tends to irritate in and of itself. It is insufficient to flaunt the currently fashionable gutsy and hard approach to tonal quality on tenor sax; there must be warmth, too. After all, it is no accident that one of the first reactions of jazzmen evaluating a colleague is to comment on the sound he gets on his horn. In this, Brooks is lacking.

All the tunes except *Nothing Ever Changes* are by Brooks. *Soul* is appropriately earthy, medium tempoed, and melodically a bit doubtful as to what jazz bag it belongs in. *Creek* is an up, lilting line a la bop with an impassioned opening trumpet solo. An exotic rhythmic figure opens *Theme*; the horns pick it up as they state the rather pedestrian minor theme. *True* is orthodoxly down home and similar in feeling to Bobby Timmons' *This Here*. Hubbard indulges in some fervent preaching, and the take goes out with the original rhythm figure on a fade-out. Fast, and in somewhat the same boppish groove as *Creek*, *Hazel* clips along with both horns shouting. The final track, *Nothing*, is taken at medium pace which suits the lyrical line. But the entire opening chorus is unardonably sloppy. Hubbard sounds positively uncomfortable and clams in royal style at the beginning. His solo is no great shakes either on this one. Brooks speaks out manfully, stating his piece as forcefully as if he were shouldering his way through a subway crush before the doors slide shut.

There is more promise than fulfillment in this set, so far as the horns go. The rhythm men are on the whole workmanlike. More than that one cannot concede. (J.A.T.)

### Buddy Collette

JAZZ LOVES PARIS—Specialty SP 5002: *I Love Paris; Pigalle; La vie en rose; Darling, je vous aime beaucoup; Mam'selle; C'est si bon; Domino; Song from Moulin Rouge; The Last Time I Saw Paris; Under Paris Skies.*

Personnel: Collette, alto, tenor saxophones, clarinet, flute; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Howard Roberts, guitar; Red Mitchell, bass; Red Callender, tuba; Bill Douglass or Bill Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Anyone for tepidity? Line forms on the right of the record counter.

This is a gimmick album in which the

gimmick left it hung by its own petard. The idea was, "Let's do an album, a jazz album, using tunes all associated with Paris." The result, soberly evaluated, is what might have been objectively expected. Like a Parisian coquette, the session trips demurely along the boulevard, flirting, but never getting down to the brass tracks of making love to virile jazz.

As might be expected from this group of top Hollywood studio musicians, the performances are impeccable, musically. Collette's playing is faultless and at times he manages to work up a "down" jazz feeling. Ditto Rosolino. Roberts, too, knows whereof he speaks. Callender's tuba contributions are more than novelty; his playing inspires one to conjecture that the big horn may yet find an enduring place in jazz. Bassist Mitchell is his customary impressive self, but the drummers lack the guts to give real bite to the rhythm section.

Now, please, don't misunderstand. This is a perfectly acceptable album as background music for Sunday brunch. (J.A.T.)

### Teddy Edwards

TEDDY'S READY!—Contemporary S 7583: *Blues in G; Scramble from the Apple; What's New?; You Name It; Take the A Train; The Sermon; Higgins' Hideaway.*

Personnel: Edwards, tenor saxophone; Joe Castro, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

It seems to me that the phrase "happy music" has been misappropriated. In applying it so often to Dixieland, musicians

and critics have given the impression that statements of a more modern character must be clouded with gloom. Yet if "happy music" is to be applied to performances that are informal, unpretentious, and show a spirited and imaginative co-operation among the participants, Edwards' group qualifies far better than, say, Kid Ory's.

The writing is minimal: there are three Edwards originals, used simply as frameworks for improvisation, a Bird line, a Hamp Hawes blues, the Ellington theme, and one pop standard. The men have worked together off and on for a couple of years, sometimes under Castro's name (as on a recent Atlantic LP) and originally under Vinnegar's.

Edwards has a pliant, full-toned manner that recalls some of the best moments of Jacquet, though clearly he has listened to the more recent influences. Castro, long underrated, has continued to improve steadily and swings consistently, tied neither to the hornlike, single-note line nor to the chordal approach. Higgins, who left the quartet just after this session was made last August, supplies a firm, never-too-obtrusive line, except for the superfluous *Hideaway* solo. Vinnegar, whose presence could have been strengthened a little, has some good solo moments on *Train* and *Sermon*.

At the moment, Castro and Vinnegar are in Paris and Edwards has remained in L.A. I hope the quartet can be reorganized. Men like Edwards and Castro are needed as a reminder that hot, happy

## JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, reissue, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★★★★★

Elmo Hope (HiFi Jazz J616)

John Lewis, *The Golden Striker* (Atlantic 1334)

Gerry Mulligan, *The Concert Jazz Band* (Verve MG V-8388)

Various Artists, (reissue) *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz, Vols. I-IV* (Columbia C4L 18)

Various Artists, (vocal) *A Treasury of Field Recordings* ("77" Records 77LA12-2)

★★★★½

Bob Brookmeyer, *The Blues—Hot and Cold* (Verve MG V-68385)

Furry Lewis (vocal) (Folkways FA 2823)

Modern Jazz Quartet, *Third Stream Music* (Atlantic 1345)

Odette at Carnegie Hall (vocal) (Vanguard VSD-2072)

★★★★★

*The Count Basie Story* (Roulette RB-1)

Paul Chambers, *First Bassman* (Vee Jay 3012)

Johnny Dodds and Kid Ory, (reissue) (Epic 16004)

Harry Edison, (reissue) *The Inventive Mr. Edison* (Pacific Jazz PJ 11)

Benny Goodman, (reissue) *The Kingdom of Swing* (RCA Victor LPM 2247)

Tubby Hayes-Ronnie Scott, *The Couriers of Jazz* (Carlton STLP 12/116)

Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart D8000) 4

Etta Jones, (vocal) *Don't Go to Strangers* (Prestige 7186)

Mangione Brothers, *The Jazz Brothers* (Riverside 335)

MJT+3, *Make Everybody Happy* (Vee Jay 3008)

Hank Mobley, *Soul Station* (Blue Note 4031)

*The Genius of Gerry Mulligan* (Pacific Jazz 8)

King Oliver (reissue) (Epic LA 16003)

*The Jazz Soul of Oscar Peterson* (Verve MG V-8351)

Ma Rainey, (vocal) *Broken-Hearted Blues* (Riverside RLP 12-137)

Bill Russo, *School of Rebellion* (Roulette SR 52045)

Horace Silver, *Horace-scope* (Blue Note 4042)

Lightnin' Slim, (vocal) *Rooster Blues* (Excelsio LP 8000)

Rex Stewart and the Ellingtonians (reissue) (Riverside 144)

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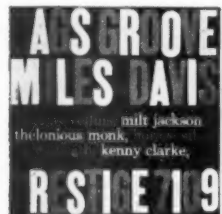


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**COOKIN'** PRLP 7094  
miles davis quintet



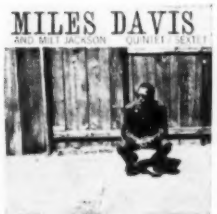
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miles davis all stars



**BLUE HAZE** PRLP 7054  
miles davis quartet



**COLLECTORS' ITEMS** PRLP 7044  
miles davis all stars



**MILES DAVIS  
AND MILT JACKSON** PRLP 7034  
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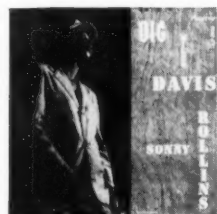


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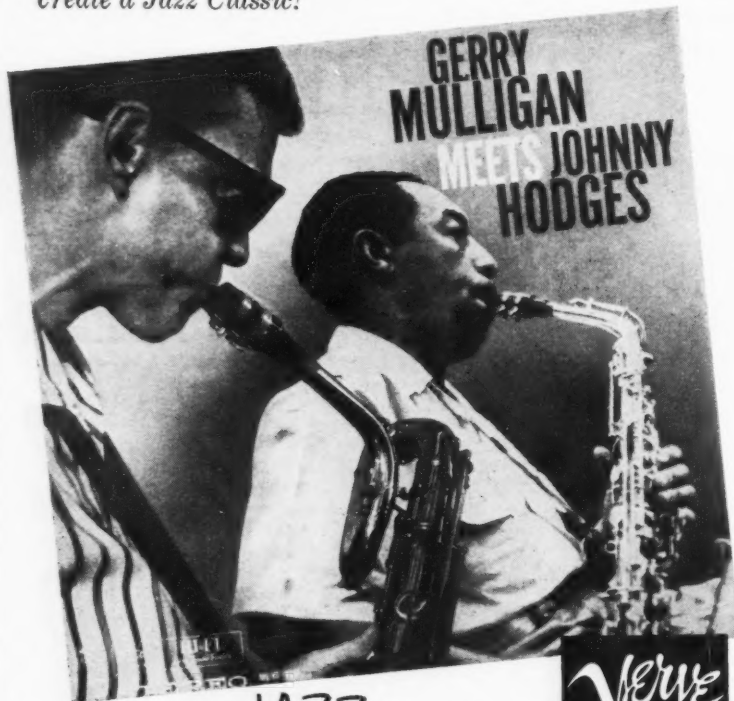
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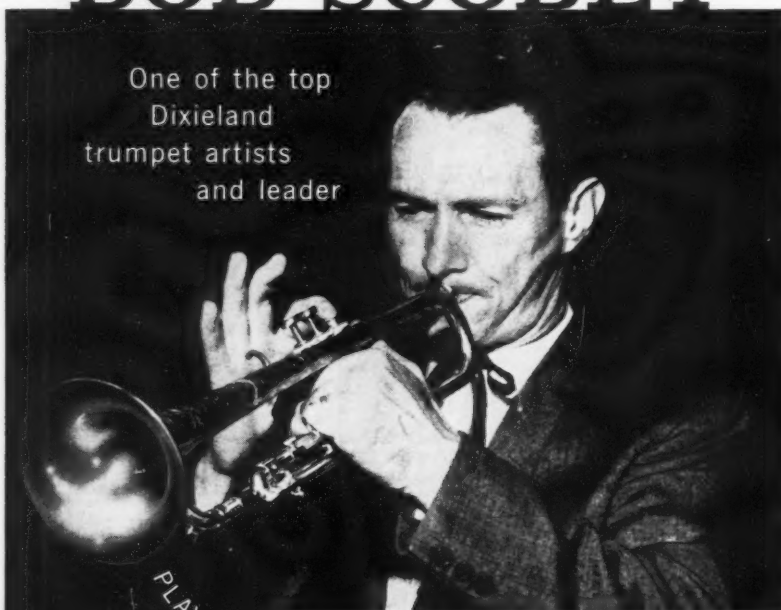


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squalls, as well as cool breezes, blow  
around the Hollywood hills. (L.G.F.)

### Jimmy Giuffre

WESTERN SUITE—Atlantic 1330: *Western Suite* (first movement: *Pony Express*; second movement: *Apaches*; third movement: *Saturday Night Dance*; fourth movement: *Big Powwow*); *Topsy*; *Blue Monk*.  
Personnel: Giuffre, clarinet, tenor, baritone saxophones; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Jim Hall, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Giuffre is a musician who has passed through several stages of development since he sat in Woody Herman's sax section, playing on his own *Four Brothers*. Right now he is concerned with a harder, more sinewy attack through listening to Sonny Rollins. At the time this record was made (December, 1958), however, he was still working in the trio format that put an emphasis on a folk-jazz flavor. What the original trio (bassist Ralph Pena instead of Brookmeyer) did for the southern folk themes in *Train and the River* and *Crawdaddy Suite* is accomplished for the southwest in *Western Suite*.

The interaction among the three is remarkable, whether they are playing contrapuntally or combining in a collective shout. According to Giuffre, the second and fourth movements are entirely written. It is to the credit of his writing and the projection of all three players that these segments have an improvised feeling. The themes themselves are arresting. They don't hit you over the head, but the more familiar you are with them, the richer they become. Giuffre ties all his thematic elements together in *Big Powwow*, giving the whole *Suite* a meaningful organization.

*Topsy* and *Blue Monk*, which take up the entire second side, are low-key, thereby carrying out Giuffre's intention to give the entire record a unity of mood. *Blue Monk* is more successful in holding the emotional climate established by Giuffre's plaintive, Pres-flavored clarinet. *Topsy*, despite a Brookmeyer solo that is a marvel of rhythmic construction, wanders through Jim Hall's solo spot, if these meanderings can be termed a "solo." There is a similar interlude in *Blue Monk*, but it doesn't come to quite a halt. If these periods had led to stronger climaxes, they may not have seemed so arid. These instances point up that Hall, substituting for the bass through much of the proceedings, was, in a sense, being wasted in this group. It is true that he contributed strongly to the concept Giuffre was espousing, but his full potential as a soloist was not used.

What is found in this set are lyricism and depth of emotion. Those are two attributes worth listening to at any time, especially when they are combined. (I.G.)

### Johnny Griffin

THE BIG SOUL BAND—Riverside RLP 331: *Wade in the Water*; *Panic Room Blues*; *Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*; *Meditation*; *Holla*; *So Tired*; *Deep River*; *Jubilant*.

Personnel: Griffin, Edwin Williams, tenor saxophones; Clark Terry, Bob Bryant, trumpets; Julian Priester, Matthew Gee, trombones; Pat Patrick or Frank Strozier, alto saxophone; Charlie Davis, baritone saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano celeste, or Harold Mahern, piano; Bob Cranshaw or Vic Sproles, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This album is another example of the

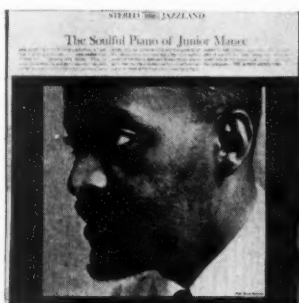
# BIG NEWS FROM JAZZLAND

three great new albums!



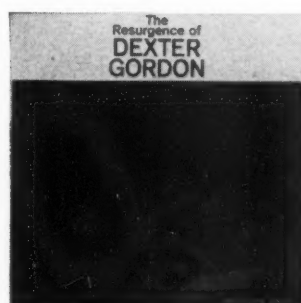
## Tough Tenors: JOHNNY GRIFFIN & EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS

The big news is that two of the toughest tenors in captivity are working *together* and their fire-breathing quintet can be heard on Jazzland 31 (Stereo 931S). Dig such hard-swinging tunes as "Funky Fluke" (which is also available as a single on J-45703)!



## The Soulful Piano of JUNIOR MANCE

The big news is the arrival of a wonderfully earthy pianist. Formerly featured with Dizzy, Cannonball, etc., Junior is on his own now, and his soulful new trio makes its dynamic debut on Jazzland 30 (Stereo 931S). Wait 'til you hear "The Uptown" (which is also available as a single on J-45702)!



## The Resurgence of DEXTER GORDON

The big news is that one of the true modern giants of the tenor saxophone is back on records, after much too long an absence, sounding bigger and more exciting than ever. His sextet can be heard on Jazzland 29 (Stereo 929S).

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(L.G.F.)

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growing popularity of the medium-sized band as a recording unit. It is also another example of the current "soul" trend. All the arrangements and three of the songs are the work of Chicago arranger Norman Simmons.

The spiritual, *Wade in the Water* is a stunner. The hand clapping and Cranshaw's powerful bass help set a mood. Simmons' arrangement, particularly his use of shouting brass, complements Griffin's sermonic tenor perfectly. In fact, Simmons' arranging is very effective throughout. His three originals are also commendable.

*Panic Room Blues* is a riffy swinger with good solos by Terry, Gee, and Griffin. *Holla* is an infectious theme featuring Griffin all the way with some dynamic Persip drumming. The lament *Meditation* suffers from underrecording of the soloists. This takes away from the impact of Timmons' solo. Gee's volume, in relation to the band, is too low, also. Bassist Sproles is prominent, however, and Persip again turns in an impressive job, culminating in his integrated solo.

Of the other two originals, Junior Mance's *Jubilation* has a more engaging theme than Timmons' *So Tired*, but the latter composition does build to a satisfying emotional climax.

Griffin, as the main soloist, plays his role well. He and the material are highly compatible. Someone once said that he was the only tenor man to have played with Thelonious Monk who didn't learn anything. I agree with this in a way, but then Griffin has his own groove and is not tuned to Monk's music the way Charlie Rouse has proved to be. Here, he plays with his customary rhythmic and genuine fervor. *Nobody Knows*, treated tenderly with rich tonal colors, finds him in a Lucky Thompson vein. This track is one of the few changes of pace in this album.

The failure to match consistently its best moments makes this set miss being more successful. Griffin, however, is a gusty tenor man, and Simmons an arranger of considerable promise. (I.G.)

## Philly Joe Jones

PHILLY JOE'S BEAT—Atlantic A 1340: *Salt Peanuts*; *Muse Rapture*; *Dear Old Stockholm*; *Two Bass Hit*; *Lori*; *Got to Take Another Chance*; *That's Earl, Brother*.

Personnel: Jones, drums; Bill Barron, tenor saxophone; Michael Downs, cornet; Walter Davis, piano; Paul Chambers, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Often the album cover has little to do with the music within. The photograph of the jazzman on this album is, on the contrary, a vital key to the music. Study carefully the photograph of Jones seated, sleeves rolled up, open shirt collar, no tie; strong, sensitive hand in the foreground with up-pointing thumb and drumstick; cigaret between closed lips; head slightly back and turned away; eyes closed against the world around him. A portrait of oblivious arrogance.

This unmindful assertion is the principal characteristic of this album. Every track is an additional facet of Jones. He is a brilliant percussionist, and he proves it throughout the recording. The rating is for his contribution and the entire rhythm section as a unit. The horn men have nowhere



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near the creative or executive prowess of the leader and are, in fact, minor disciples of the Davis-Gillespie-Coltrane idiom. This, along with the inclusion of Chambers, places this album often in comparison with the Davis group when Jones was the drummer. To this degree, this album suffers. Otherwise, this is an exciting date.

*Salt Peanuts* is a high point on the album. It contains admirable solos by Davis and a muted Downs, and Jones contributes one of his best extended solos to date. It is intricate and building. It is well balanced, and he exhibits a fine sense of dynamics as well as climactic structure. The ending, however, begins to come apart with tempo and intonation problems among the horns, but over-all, this track is most rewarding.

*Muse Rapture* and *Dear Old Stockholm* are played well, but I found Jones' sizzling chatter and accentuating tapping intrusive on *Stockholm*.

*Two Bass Hit* is fairly sloppy, except for Jones. This is one of the tunes that illustrates how relentlessly he drives a group forward. The horn men also illustrate how frustrated and unstrung a lesser musician can become on the forward end of that push.

*Lori* is a pleasant, infectious tune and is interestingly arranged in this version. The tune contains one of the most authoritative Downs solos. *Another Chance* is a jazz theme played in the bop idiom. The horn men have trouble keeping up with the tempo. Jones has another short but exciting solo. *Brother* has an over-all group sound that is jagged rather than ragged but generally well executed.

Jones is developing into the most dynamic, electrifying drum soloist in jazz today. This album is a milestone in that direction. He is also concentrating on a less intrusive drum line than he heretofore has exhibited, and he is mastering the art of controlled tension and release. (B.G.)

#### Roland Kirk

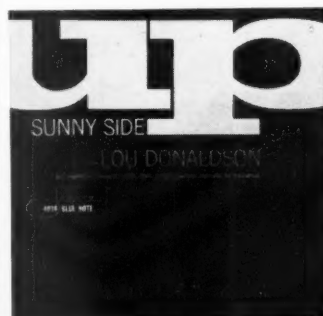
INTRODUCING ROLAND KIRK—Argo 669: *The Call; Soul Station; Our Walts; Our Love Is Here to Stay; Spirit Girl; Jack the Ripper.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, whistle; Ira Sullivan, trumpet, tenor saxophone; William Burton, piano, organ; Don Garrett, bass; Sonny Brown, drums.

Rating: ★★★ 1/2

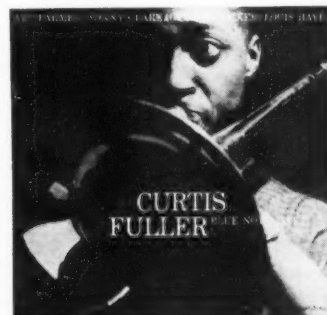
The cover picture of Kirk with three huge horns hanging out of his mouth can make a listener approach this introductory meeting with Kirk with trepidation. Who can play three instruments at once and get anything out of them? Well, Roland Kirk, for one, doesn't even try. He only plays two at once with the third slung over his shoulder at the ready. His instruments are the manzello, which apparently looks something like a meerschaum pipe and sounds more or less like a soprano saxophone; the strich, a straight alto saxophone but an F instrument, and the tenor saxophone, which presumably, needs no further identification. He also blows a whistle, sometimes just for the hell of it, sometimes as a conducting device like Perez Prado's "Unghh!"

When he is playing two instruments at once, Kirk is inclined to stick to shrill, wailing chords, but when he settles for one, his attack is usually strong and warm.



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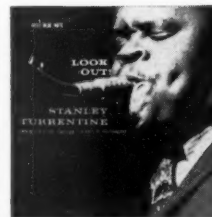
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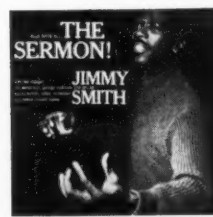
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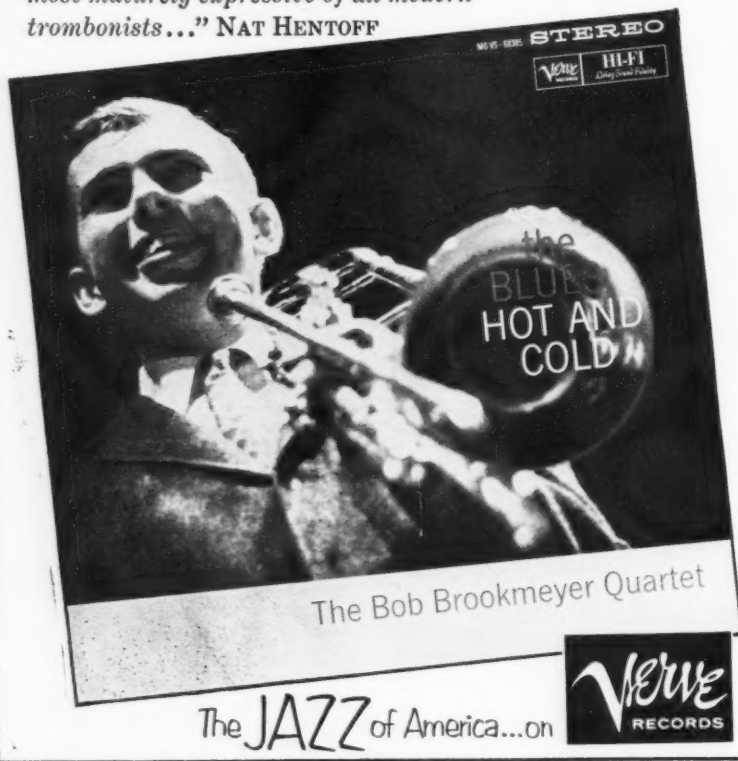


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His tenor solos, particularly in the middle register, have commendable fullness and breadth. He does an extended manzello solo on *Our Love Is Here to Stay* which shows that this odd instrument can be an effective jazz tool, for when Kirk plays it, it has the essential jazz "cry." All of this is done in solidly swinging surroundings which are enlivened by occasional blasts from Kirk's whistle.

Sullivan's crisp trumpet is largely overshadowed by the attention given to Kirk, but it peeps through from time to time like a steady influence in somewhat wild-eyed circumstances.

A good deal of what goes on on this record is pretty weird, but it's also a lot of fun. Presumably this deprives it of any aura of "significance" so that no one will make a great to-do about "understanding" Kirk. But maybe this is just as well, because then the only thing the listener has to bother about is whether he enjoys listening to his music or not. (J.S.W.)

**Ramsey Lewis**  
RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO IN CHICAGO — Argo 671: *Old Devil Moon*; *What's New?*; *Carman*; *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*; *I'll Remember April*; *Delilah*; *Folk Ballad*; *But Not for Me*; *C. C. Rider*.  
Personnel: Lewis, piano; El Dee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★  
The best thing about this album is the liner notes. Jack Tracy's comments on the passing of Chicago's Blue Note (this was the first and last LP recorded there) are warm, affectionate, and consistently sincere. The music often doesn't attempt to be.

The trio now goes in for little pianistic curlicues, sudden shifts of dynamics for melodramatic effect (the brouhaha at Bar 27 of the first chorus of *What's New* is a good sample), trick endings, drum antics with an obvious comedy aim (*But Not for Me*), and even moments of sheer cocktail corn. Yet there are many moments when everyone settles down to the business of swinging.

*Schoen* is a bass solo, expertly performed by Young. *Folk Ballad* sounds, from beginning to end, like an introduction. Throughout the whole six minutes, you wonder when they are going to move into tempo for the first chorus. Yet on re-hearing it, you may find this the most attractive and mood-sustaining track in the set.

Lewis today is moving toward the stage at which all the critics will put him down while the big spenders will take him up. If he's bowing to Basin Street East, good luck to him; he'll do great, with no help (and no need of help) from us experts. And no matter how mannered some of the music on these sides, perhaps we should accentuate the positive by reminding ourselves that he still can swing firmly, still does at times, and is still seven leagues ahead of Liberace. (L.G.F.)

**Jackie McLean**  
CAPUCHIN SWING—Blue Note 4038: *Francisco*; *Just for Now*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Condition Blue*; *Capuchin Swing*; *On the Lion*.  
Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★  
The men involved in this set are all

capable musicians, and they have turned in a capable job. The only trouble is that it isn't very interesting. None of the musicians is sufficiently distinctive to lift a routine group of pieces from the level of the routine.

McLean plays a good solo on *Condition Blue* but spoils it by staying on far too long. On other pieces he is inclined toward a shrill monotone. Mitchell blows his usual crisp phrases, but they lead nowhere. Bishop, a chomping, milling pianist, is given a full solo outing on *Don't Blame Me* which is pleasant, but, like the rest of this disc, it disappears after being heard without leaving a trace in the listener's memory. (J.S.W.)

#### Marian McPartland

MARIAN McPARTLAND PLAYS MUSIC OF LEONARD BERNSTEIN—Time 52013: *It's Love; Cool; Lonely Town; I Can Cook, Too; Tonight; Somewhere; Ya Got Me; A Little Bit in Love; Lucky to Be Me; Some Other Time; I Feel Pretty; Maria.*  
Personnel: Miss McPartland, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Cast predominantly in an André Previn-Shelly Manne format, this album offers Miss McPartland's trio playing a dozen selections from the pen of Bernstein.

All three musicians are thoroughgoing professionals, both in conception and execution. Professionalism, however, is not in itself sufficient; some sort of emotional undercurrent is needed if the listener's attention is to be held. Accordingly, about halfway through the LP, one begins to hope that the trio will throw caution and their ensemble routine to the wind and dig in and swing. Unfortunately, this doesn't happen.

The trouble, I think, is that there are simply too many tunes and not enough blowing space (the tracks average about three minutes each). There can be no quarrel with recording a jazz album of Bernstein compositions, but why not omit some of the more ordinary ones, for example, *Lucky to Be Me* or *Some Other Time*, both of which are standard 32-bar affairs?

As things stand, the LP is agreeable enough but, taken as a whole, rather bland. (F. K.)

#### James Moody

MOODY'S WORKSHOP—Prestige LP 7179: *Keepin' up with Jonesy; Workshop; I'm Gone; A Hundred Years from Today; Jack Raggs; Mambo with Moody; Over the Rainbow; Blues in the Closet; Moody's Mood for Blues; Nobody Knows; It Might as Well Be Spring.*

Personnel: Moody, alto, tenor saxophones; Remaining personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

With planning, rehearsal, and sympathetic sidemen, this date might have come alive. Moody is certainly among the most respected reed men in the business, and Quincy Jones, who wrote the scores, is a fine arranger, but the two elements don't help much here.

This is a packed album, with 11 tunes, and the material runs from spirituals to mambo, including an Eddie Jefferson vocal. The instrumentation varies from quartet to big band, with Moody doubling. Put it all together, and it comes out as a flurried, anxious, last-ditch effort to capture the listener's buck.

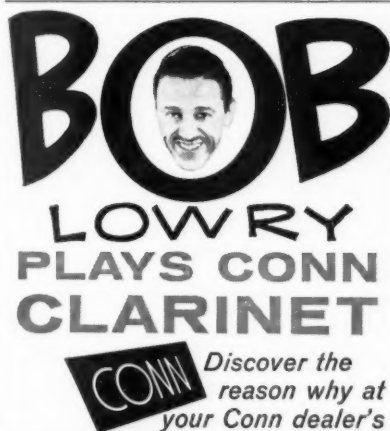
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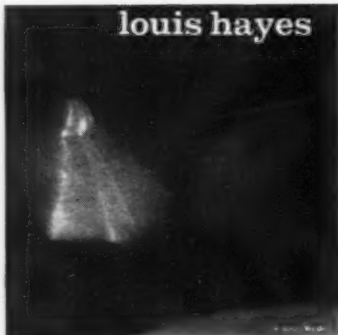


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the ballads and the moving *Nobody Knows*, in which Moody breathes out the sorrowful line with compassion and understanding, his alto tone light and airy. The ballad, *A Hundred Years*, is treated with tenderness and sensitivity. The up-tempo arrangements are mediocre, with moments of marvelous Moody above a rather uninspired group of musicians.

It is amazing that this artist has not had the good fortune to be properly recorded on his own date for several years. (B.G.)

### Joe Newman

**JIVE AT FIVE**—Prestige/Swingville 2011:  
*Wednesday's Blues; Jive at Five; More Than You Know; Cuein' the Blues; Taps Miller; Don't Worry 'Bout Me.*

Personnel: Newman, trumpet; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Newman's happiest record date of his career is the result of this session. It is an object lesson in relaxed and intelligent blowing. All the elements fit—compatible musicians, familiar material, assertedly congenial atmosphere — and are doweled together into a deceptively simple and always swinging whole.

*Wednesday's* is a medium blues with Joe saying his long piece pungently and talking very blue indeed. Both *Jive* and *Taps* are, of course, from the old Basie book and the three Basieites and their guests, Flanagan and Jackson, wade in with spirit. *More* is given orthodox ballad treatment, and if Newman falters somewhat at the outset of his solo, it is of little moment.

Wess and Flanagan are in top form here. The tenorist has always been a top man on the B $\flat$  horn, and on this date it sounds as if he were compensating for the current lack of opportunity to sound off on tenor in the Basie band. Flanagan is a recurring delight, sensitive, driving when called upon and always sympathetic to the soloist.

Jones and Jackson make a fine rhythm team, working closely together and holding fast to the time. In the maelstrom of the Basie band, one tends sometimes to overlook Jones' herculean struggle with the brash Sonny Payne to keep the ship on an even keel. Here it's no sweat at all.

This get-together grooves all the way, coming in and going out swinging.

(J.A.T.)

### Horace Parlan

**SPEAKIN' MY PIECE** — Blue Note 4043:  
*Wadin'; Up in Cynthia's Room; Borderline; Rastus; Oh So Blue; Speakin' My Piece.*

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

One of the things that Parlan and the Turrentine brothers have in common is a leaning toward flowing, full-toned, graceful lines which immediately removes this group from the staccato shrillness that sometimes seems to be the only sound that can be produced by trumpet, saxophone, and rhythm section groups these days.

This is a meaty quintet that digs in with assurance and creates all the "soul" (if the word still connotes anything of value) that anyone could want without being at all desperate about it. *Wadin'* is a superb example of this—guttural, full-voiced, and

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honestly emotional. And, in a different way, the same is true of *Oh So Blue*, a slow, blues-haunted ballad that is almost entirely devoted to an extremely well-constructed and sensitively blown solo by Stanley Turrentine.

Tommy Turrentine's biting brassiness on trumpet and Parlan's disciplined piano work help to sustain the over-all atmosphere, but it is Stanley Turrentine who sets the tone and carries the major part of the load in this set. He is extremely impressive. Parlan is quoted in the notes as hearing something of Gene Ammons, Jacquet, and Rollins in him, but the strongest influence I hear on these pieces is Ben Webster. Whatever his sources, Stanley blossoms out on this record as one of the major tenor men. (J.S.W.)

#### Shirley Scott

MUCHO, MUCHO—Prestige 7182: *Walkin'; Tell Me; I Get a Kick out of You; May Azul; The Lady Is a Tramp; Mucho, Mucho*. Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; Phil Diaz, vibraharp; Gene Casey, piano; Bill Ellington, bass; Juan Amalbert, conga drum; Manny Ramos, timbales, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

There's a wee bit too mucho, mucho of the Shearingesque and the trivial in this partnering of Miss Scott with the Latin Jazz Quintet. The wraps are definitely on here, and what results is probably a highly salable organ-cum-Latin package. Latin lovers will go for the LJQ; some jazz lovers will latch on for Shirley, and a flock of peripheral folk will take the album home.

So much for the probable success story. The "jazz" is something else again. Despite mighty efforts by Miss Scott, the date comes out bland. Diaz has nothing in common with her jazz story, and Casey is uneventful. The rhythm men do their job, clipity-clop, bop-bop. So there's only Shirley left to take care of business in an empty store. She punches, stabs, whaa-whaa in the middle register and squeals in the high; then in the medium blues for which the set is titled and which concludes it, she drifts into a series of repetitive patterns and riffs that rapidly pall on the ear.

An odd bouillabaisse, to be sure.

(J.A.T.)

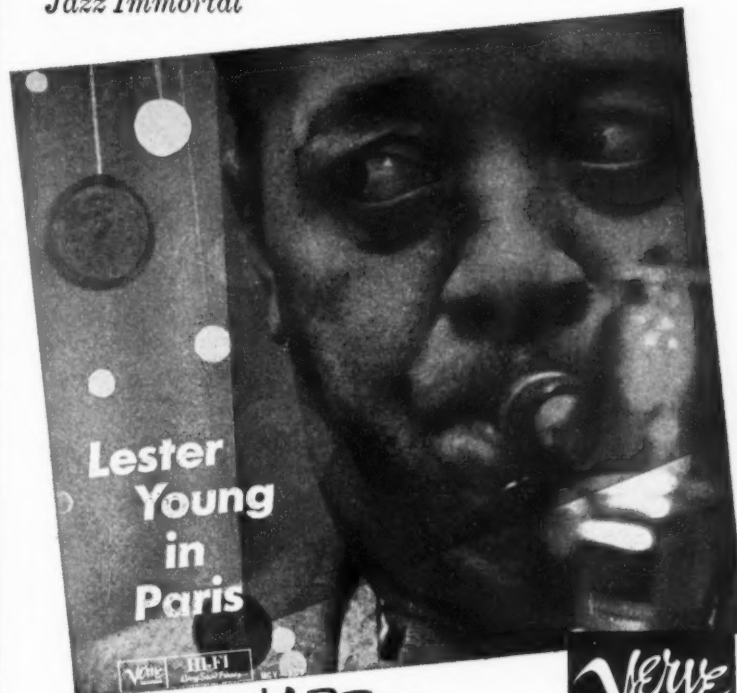
#### Mal Waldron

LEFT ALONE — Bethlehem 6045: *Catwalk; You Don't Know What Love Is; Left Alone; Minor Pulsation; Ategin*. Personnel: Waldron, piano; Julian Euell, bass; Al Drennes, drums. Track 3: add Jackie McLean, alto saxophone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is intended to be, to some extent, dedicated to Billie Holiday, and it is subtitled, *Mal Waldron Plays the Moods of Billie Holiday*. Actually, only three of the six tracks have any relationship to Miss Holiday—the brooding, haunting title song (written by Waldron and Miss Holiday) on which McLean catches her typical inflections so well that it almost seems as though she were singing in his solo; a spoken reminiscence of Miss Holiday by Waldron, apparently ad libbed and badly in need of editing, and *You Don't Know What Love Is*, which, Mal says, shows her influence on his phrasing. One can only

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wonder at the value of this influence, for Waldron's performance on this tune is dreary and funereal.

This, however, is the only low spot on an otherwise excellent disc (barring his spoken reminiscence). He plays, in addition to *Left Alone*, two of his own compositions: *Minor Pulsation*, an electrifying piece in which his attack is stormy and stomping, and *Catwalk*, which is the very opposite—slow and dark with an intriguing melodic foundation. He also does an unusual version of Sonny Rollins' *Airegin*, starting with a long, out-of-tempo opening and, when the rhythm picks up, driving and digging through some solid, meaty playing. (J.S.W.)

## VOCALS

**John Lee Hooker**

**TRAVELIN'**—Vee Jay LP 1023: *No Shoes; I Wanna Walk; Canal Street Blues; Run On; I'm a Stranger; Whisky and Wimmen; Solid Sender; Sunny Land; Goin' to California; I Can't Believe; I'll Know Tonight; Dusty Road.*  
Personnel: Hooker, guitar, vocals; unidentified rhythm section.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Hooker's latest album, on Vee Jay, with which he has been under contract for some time, once again reasserts his mastery of the blues.

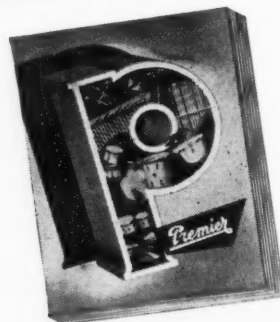
He is one of the most powerful blues performers, yet there is not a great deal of originality or real poetry in his lyrics. In the hands of a lesser artist, one feels that they would hardly come across, but the power of Hooker is such that he can invest them with a genuine conviction and seriousness that makes them believable. The dark, brooding, inconsolable quality of his voice and the intensity of his delivery further add to this effect.

Moreover, there's not a great deal of melodic interest to his music. Most of his tunes, for example, are intoned in a flat, chantlike manner that vividly suggests the earlier antiphonal work songs and field hollers of his Mississippi forebears. Both his metric and harmonic senses are greatly irregular, which further contributes to this feeling. And this, more than anything else, has led to the oft-repeated assertion that Hooker is the most "African" or "primitive" of the current crop of blues singers. He often hums along above his guitar lines in a sort of droning, eerie manner that is most effective.

Hooker has shown a tendency to use his more attractive melody lines over and over again (he has recorded tunes with essentially the same melodies and lyrics for several labels—thus, *Walkin' the Boogie* on Chess becomes *Little Wheel* on Vee Jay and *Boogie Chillun* on Crown). *Run On* in this collection uses a melody previously recorded for Chess as *Dimples*. The melody and initial verse of *Goin' to California* is markedly similar to Jimmy Reed's older *Goin' to New York*, also on the Vee Jay label. (Such borrowing is not unusual.)

This is a very attractive and exciting collection, and it, unlike many of his other albums, which are but compilations of his hit single releases, has a singleness

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of mood that suggests that all 12 selections were recorded at one session. Furthermore, they all maintain a high degree of quality. The notes are informative. (P. W.)

#### Jo Stafford

**JO + JAZZ**—Columbia CL 1561: *Just Squeeze Me*; *For You*; *Midnight Sun*; *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*; *The Folks Who Live on the Hill*; *I Didn't Know About You*; *What Can I Say*; *Dear After I Say I'm Sorry?*; *Dream of You*; *Imagination*; *S'posin'*; *Day Dream*; *I've Got the World on a String*.

Personnel: Miss Stafford, vocals, accompanied by unidentified groups including Ray Nance, Conte Candoli, Don Fagerquist, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Russ Freeman, celeste; Bob Gibbons, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The title of this set is quite accurate. It is Jo Stafford *plus*—not Jo Stafford sings jazz, but Jo Stafford singing in her normal vein backed by such musicians as Hodges, Webster, Nance, Carney, Brown, Fagerquist, Candoli, and Rowles. Nobody—least of all Miss Stafford herself—is trying to pass Jo off as a “jazz singer” (even though she is a lot closer to the idiom than some of those who have pretensions to this category). She has been for many years just about the most craftsmanlike pop singer in existence. She has intelligence and taste and an honest voice that she uses honestly—she really sings on *Midnight Sun*, *Day Dream*, and *Just Squeeze Me*, for example, instead of sneaking around the tougher parts.

Backing her with small groups studded with jazz musicians is eminently sensible. This is a far better setting for a singer of her type than the heavy, wooden, oversized orchestras that are usually tied to them. It harks back pleasantly to the days when the Dorsey brothers and their friends could be heard behind Bing Crosby, Gene Austin, Ruth Etting, and the Boswell Sisters.

Ben Webster takes short solos on most of the pieces, playing with relaxed lyricism, while Hodges adds his special kind of lush romanticism to *Day Dream* and *Just Squeeze Me*. (J.S.W.)

#### Muddy Waters

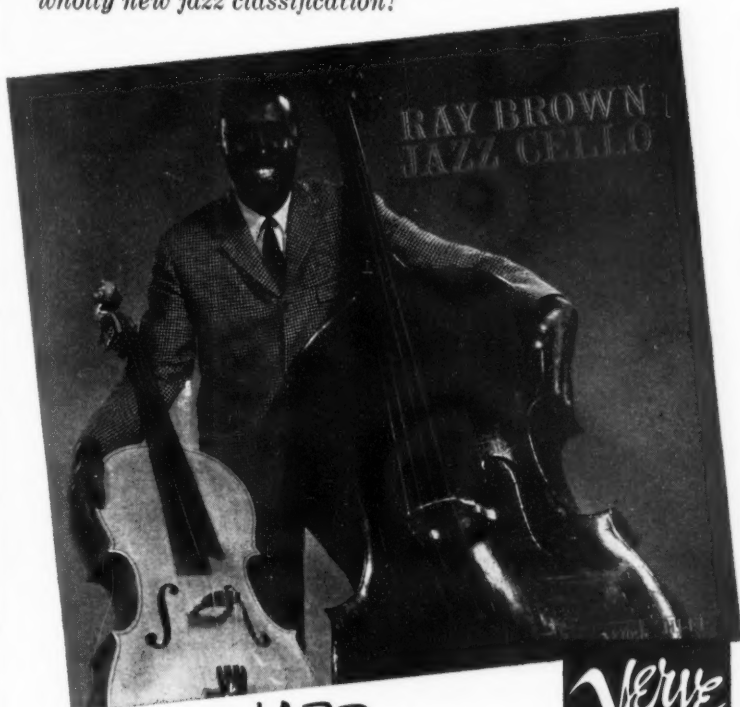
**MUDDY WATERS SINGS “BIG BILL”**—Chess 1444: *Tell Me, Baby*; *Southbound Train*; *When I Get to Thinking*; *Just a Dream*; *Double Trouble*; *I Feel So Good*; *I Done Got Wise*; *Moppy's Blues*; *Lonesome Road Blues*; *Hey Hey*. Personnel: Muddy Waters (McKinley Morganfield), guitar, vocals; unidentified rhythm section and harmonica.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The idea of Waters performing a collection of Big Bill Broonzy's tunes would appear to be a good one, for the natural power and ferocity of Muddy's singing and playing would be strengthened considerably through the employment of songs of greater substance and emotional impact than those with which he ordinarily works. And that's exactly what happens here.

Muddy works within his accustomed groove in these selections, his voice hoarse and insistent, his guitar driving fiercely below it. Rich bluesy harmonica lines (probably by either Little Walter Jacobs or James Cotten, Muddy's regular harmonica player) ride over the amplified guitar, providing a sharp contrast to the melodies and reinforcing them.

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On the first track, Waters uses an acoustic guitar, and it's the least effective accompaniment on the disc; he is much more at ease (and at his best) with amplified guitar, which is used on the other nine selections.

*I Get to Thinking* is better known as the traditional *How Long Blues*—it uses the same melody line, and the initial verse is very similar. After the statement of this verse, however, the Broonzy tune goes into a related melodic theme that is very attractive. *Feel So Good* is a rather interesting blues, representing a departure from the standard 12-bar format. It consists of two eight-bar themes; the first eight change with each verse and advance the story line; the second eight is the repeated title theme. *Dream and Got Wise* are both in this form also. This last is credited on the jacket to Muddy, and it's indicative of his powers as a writer that there's no difference in feeling or quality between this and the nine Broonzy compositions. Muddy comes closest to sounding like Big Bill in *Hey, Hey*, mostly because of the conscious attempt to imitate Broonzy's distinctive guitar sound and also because of the lighter vocal tone Waters uses on this number.

He sticks closely to the Broonzy texts all the way through, though in *Dream* the sense and power of the original is blurred, if not lost, in Muddy's altered version of the lyrics. Otherwise the collection is fine and is heartily recommended.

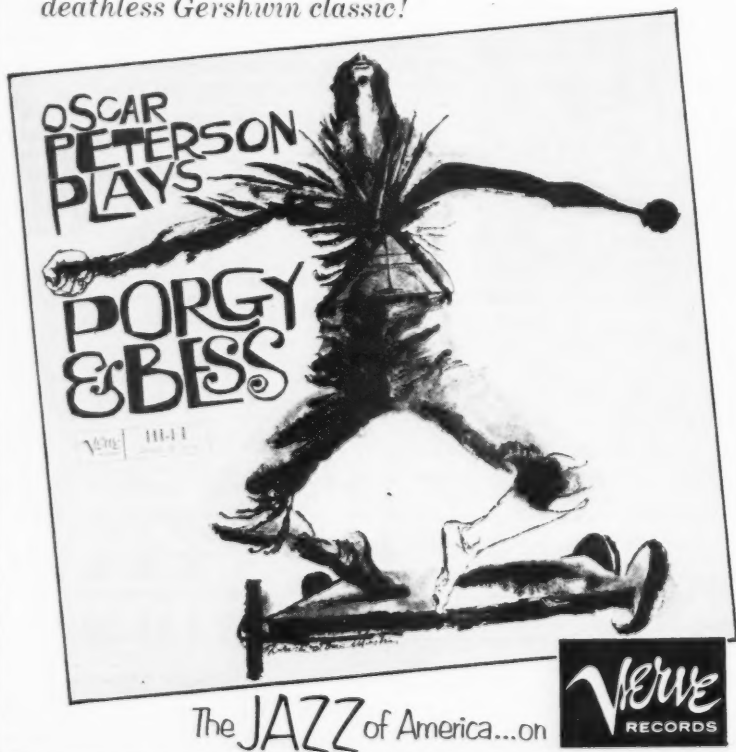
(P. W.)

## RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records.

- Cannonball Adderley Quintet at the Light-house* (Riverside 344)
- Ken McIntyre-Eric Dolphy, *Looking Ahead* (New Jazz 8242)
- Dutch Swing College Band, *Twelve Jazz Classics* (Perfect 12038)
- Roy Eldridge, *Swingin' on the Town* (Verve 8389)
- Ella Fitzgerald *Sings Songs from Let No Man Write My Epitaph* (Verve 4043)
- Jerzy Herman Jazz Ensemble of Poland, *Goodwill Ambassadors of American Jazz* (Bruno 50142)
- Shirley Horn, *Embers and Ashes* (Stereo-craft 16)
- Willis Jackson, *Blue Gator* (Prestige 7183)
- Lambert-Hendricks-Ross *Sing Ellington* (Columbia 1510 and 8310)
- Mat Mathews, *Swingin' Pretty and All That Jazz* (Design 1036)
- Jimmy and Marian McPartland *Play TV Themes* (Design 1032)
- Betty Roche, *Singin' and Swingin'* (Prestige 7187)
- Mel Tormé, *Swingin' on the Moon* (Verve 2144)
- Muddy Waters at Newport (Chess 1449)
- Jerry Wiggins, Jackie Mills, Harold Land, *Wiggin' Out* (Hi Fi 1618)
- John Wright, *South Side Soul* (Prestige 7190)

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## By Leonard Feather

*The Blindfold Test* is now a radio program.

Some years ago, as New York readers may remember, I used the idea for a while on WABC. Last summer, arrangements were made by Sleepy Stein of KNOB, Los Angeles' pioneer all-jazz station, to run a weekly radio version of the program every Sunday at 9 p.m. Shortly after moving to the west coast, I took over the assignment of presenting the show personally. From now on, many of the interviews you read on this page will be edited from broadcasts. The radio version, of course, enables you to hear the record immediately before you have the blindfolded reaction to it. Usually at some point during the record I identify it for the audience (but from another room, so that the blindfolded can't hear me).

My first subject under the new setup was the gifted composer-pianist-singer Bobby Troup, whose *Stars of Jazz* in 1956-8 was the best series of its kind ever seen on television.

# THE BLINDFOLD TEST ■ BOBBY TROUP

## The Records

1. Dave Brubeck. *The Piper* (from *Brubeck a la Mode, Fantasy*). Bill Smith, clarinet; Eugene Wright, bass.

I like that record very much. I think it's a group of New York musicians. It's very modern. It starts out with a Latin tempo, then it really swings when it goes into the four. I think it might have been Tony Scott on clarinet. There's kind of a Brubeck-influenced pianist. I hope I don't insult him by saying that . . . but with a block chord kind of feel, that's who it suggests. Probably also it's a New York bass player, what's his name, Minton . . . I don't know . . . Three stars.

2. Phil Nimmons. *Blue Lou* (from *Nimmons 'n' Nine, Verve*). Nimmons, clarinet; Ed Bickert, guitar.

I love the song. I think it was *Blue Lou*. If it wasn't *Blue Lou* . . . for nostalgia's sake, I'll give it 2½ because I just love big bands. I think it's a shame we've gone through a period where the big-band era has slowly disappeared . . . We have kind of an era of small groups, both in rock and roll, which neither you nor I like, and in jazz, but I don't think there's anything more exciting than the sound of a big band. I like the arrangement, but I wish they'd played at least one chorus of the melody because I love *Blue Lou*. At times, the guitarist sounds like Howard Roberts.

Again, I would venture to say it's a group of New York musicians with whom I'm not as familiar as I might be. The clarinetist, I have no idea. I was trying to figure out whose band it was, the guitarist's or the clarinetist's. Probably, neither one. There are moments of great excitement in this record; I wish the arrangement were more well integrated. I wish it would start out and then build into a thing. When I say moments of excitement, I mean exactly that—that all of a sudden it's kind of ear arresting; then all of a sudden it drops down.

3. The 3 Sounds. *Sandu* (from *Moods, Blue Note*). Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Five stars! Yes, I think that thing swings. I think that unmistakably—again, I'm going to go way out on a limb—I

would say that unmistakably that has to be Ray Brown on bass and it has to be the Oscar Peterson Trio. It has to be Ed Thigpen on drums. If it isn't they, it is possibly the most remarkable imitation of Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, and his present group that I've ever heard. How . . . any jazz critic in the world could not recognize this man as THE greatest pianist that ever lived I just can't understand. He swings. He drives. He has technique. He has taste. I just can't say enough nice things about Mr. Oscar Peterson as a man, as a musician. Okay?

I think it was just excellent. I think there's that ingredient in jazz that particularly the modernists forget, and I think it's a very basic ingredient in jazz, and that is that it *must* swing. You can get as ethereal and as artistic as you want and as classic sounding as you want, but to me, if it doesn't swing, it just isn't good jazz. And that's the excitement of this record. It swings up and down.

4. Ray Charles. *New York's My Home* (from *Genius Hits the Road, ABC-Paramount*).

Five stars! I'm in a very good mood today. This is another man I worship. This has got to be Ray Charles. If it isn't, it's the greatest imitation of Ray Charles I've ever heard in my life. It's an excerpt from Gordon Jenkins' wonderful *Manhattan Tower*, which again holds forth for me a wonderful nostalgia. I don't think there's any singer on the contemporary scene who has caused as much comment, as much excitement as Mr. Ray Charles. I just think he's marvelous, and I think he's marvelous for another reason, other than the fact that, of course, you're going to tell me this *wasn't* Ray Charles.

I want to expound about Ray Charles. For a brief time, and I certainly hope it continues, he's made America good-music conscious. It's the most reassuring thing to me to see *Georgia on My Mind* at the top of *The Hit Parade* and not *Mickey, Mickey, with a Polka Dot Bikini* or *Mr. Custer* or any of these dumb things that we listen to over the radio today. And I think he's just wonderful. I can't say enough nice things about this man.

You know whom it reminded me of at

first—one of my very favorite vocalists, Mr. Johnny Mercer. There's a feeling of Johnny in the very beginning of that. He's just great. I'd like to give him *two* five stars, one for his own innate ability as a vocalist and musician, and another one for what he has done for music today, popularizing good music.

5. Nat (King) Cole Trio. *Scotch'n' with the Soda* (from *In the Beginning, Decca*). Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Wesley Prince, bass. Recorded, 1940.

Five stars. Here's another pioneer in music. Just as Erroll Garner's a pioneer, George Shearing I thought was a pioneer, Dave Brubeck's a pioneer. We just talked about a new pioneer, Mr. Ray Charles. This is the Nat (King) Cole Trio. It's an early Decca record. I know this. You can't fool me. This was one of the most exciting groups, and a pioneering group, in the musical sense. I think it was the first time that the guitar-bass-piano combination was popularized.

Nat made a contribution in putting the piano up in the upper register of the keyboard and letting the bass man take over your left hand—as opposed to the Art Tatum and the Cy Walters who played the heavy left hand with the bass. There are so many pianists who've been influenced by Nat—Oscar Peterson, for example. For his contributions to music, for his wonderful singing, his piano playing, the whole thing, I've got to give this one five stars, although this was not one of the best records of that particular group.

I think it was Oscar Moore, guitar. I don't know who it was—Mr. Prince or Johnny Miller on the bass. Nat is so original and has such a distinctive style, it's very disappointing to see some of his floor shows. He plays about eight bars, standing up, and that's all he plays in the show.

7. Peggy Lee. *Love Me or Leave Me* (from *The Best of Peggy Lee, Decca*). Pete Candoli, trumpet, and rhythm section.

If Julie were here, she'd guess that with the first note. She's marvelous at recognizing singers. I guess this is Peggy Lee. She's a wonderful singer, and I liked her setting here very much—this is back in the old swing-era style. Four stars.

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## Caught in the Act

EWAN MacCOLL-PEGGY SEEGER  
University of Pennsylvania Museum  
Auditorium, Philadelphia, Pa.

Singer Ewan MacColl and singer-instrumentalist Peggy Seeger were introduced by folklorist Kenneth Goldstein as "unqualifiedly the two finest folk singers in the English-speaking world," high praise that their performances bore out.

Miss Seeger, daughter of pioneering U. S. folk musicologists Charles and Ruth Crawford Seeger and sister of folk singers Pete and Mike Seeger, began the program with four American songs, accompanying herself on auto-harp, guitar, and five-string banjo in turn, each of which she played in properly archaic styles with a splendid display of instrumental virtuosity.

Her performances here and throughout the evening were marked by scholarship (discernible in her introductory comments to the songs), deep feeling, sensitive and intelligent delivery, and a sense of personal involvement with the material. An inescapable conclusion was that she is a consummate interpreter of songs in the Anglo-American tradition, an area in which she has elected to concentrate.

Shirtsleeved MacColl, for the remainder of the program traded songs with Miss Seeger — he Scottish material, she American.

His selection of material, apparently a random, as-the-spirit-moved-him one, ranging from work songs, sea chanteys, and war songs through love songs and child ballads, displayed vividly the breadth of this rich cultural tradition. MacColl engagingly sang and explained each vocal selection, putting it in its proper historical perspective.

The bulk of the material MacColl sang was music from the English lowlands, songs in the English language as distinct from the Gaelic of the country's highlands. Among these were the chantey *Blood Red Roses*, the sailor's song *Off to Sea Once More*, the traditional ballads *The Cruel Mother*, *It Was under My Love's Window*, *Eppy Maurry*, and *Glasgow Peggy*.

The effectiveness of the program can be attributed almost wholly to its presentation, which afforded insights into

factors behind the music. The listener perceived these songs not as decorations of life but as its substance—dateless, real, and meaningful.

—Pete Welding

EARL HINES SEXTET  
Cafe Continental, Chicago

Personnel: Hines, piano; Ed Smith, trumpet; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Pops Foster, bass; Earl Watkins, drums.

Chicago is an old stomping ground for Hines, and you are reminded of this immediately by this band's material and performances, and also by Hines' piano, with the same pumping 10ths and fiery right hand that changed the course of the development of jazz piano in Chicago in the '20s. When the band plays *Big Butter* and *Egg Man* or *Dippermouth Blues* you remember that there was a time when Hines, Howard and Louis Armstrong were together at the old Sunset Cafe on the Southside, while King Oliver was across the street at the Plantation. And *Memories of You* and *Rosetta* recall Hines' long stint at the Windy City's Grand Terrace in the '30s.

The band is a good one. By odd chance, most of the cities that have figured prominently in the development and continuance of traditional jazz in the U.S. are represented here: Foster from New Orleans, Howard from Chicago, Archey from New York, Smith and Watkins from San Francisco, and Hines, from Pittsburgh, of course, but with a Chicago background. They work well together with a healthy sprinkling of both swing and traditional material, and when they do play the old New Orleans and Chicago classics there is some bona fide stomping that is vitally different from the straw hat-candy striped jacket brand of Dixieland that is the usual fare these days.

Trumpeter Smith knows his horn well and plays with impressive taste and warmth. His ballads, especially, are mellow and inventive. Howard plays his clarinet with a big, limpid tone, and his fast ensemble passages (he says he learned much from Lorenzo Tio when Tio was in Chicago with the Emanuel Perez New Orleans band around 1920) are in the Creole tradition. Archey plays with a good beat, and I had not realized before what a fine sound he has on trombone.

Hines himself is still a first-rate soloist whether he is creating his own lines or interpreting another pianist, as he did one set when he played a series of Fats Waller tunes, duplicating Waller's style with eerie accuracy. Hines still has a lean, muscular style not marred by unnecessary decorative frills.

This is a band not to be missed.

—Gilbert M. Erskine



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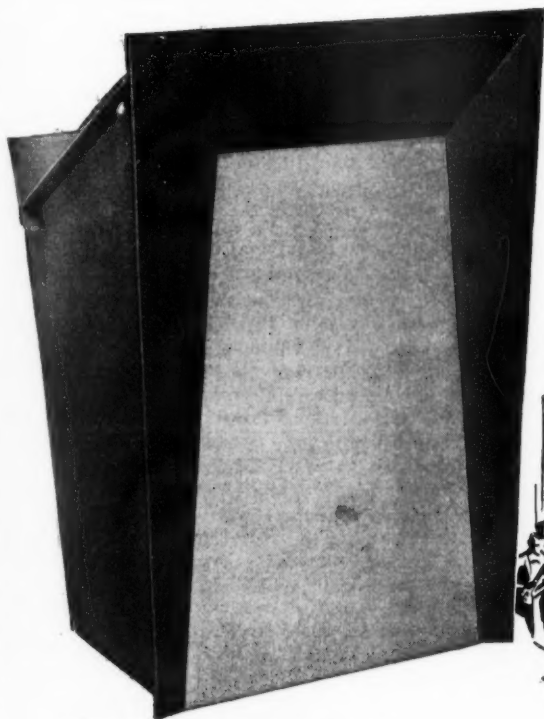
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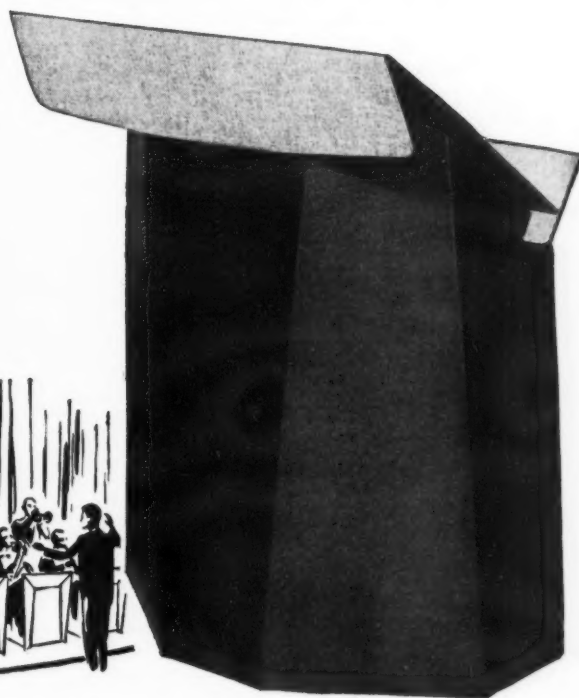


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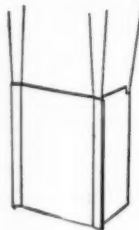


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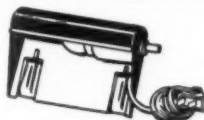
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Top Modern Jazz Names in Concert

### AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

Guitarist **George Barnes** has signed with Mercury to record with his Jazz Renaissance Quintet . . . **The Toshiko-Mariano Quartet** and tenor saxophonist **Booker Erwin** have signed to record on Candid, Cadence Records' new jazz line . . . **Teo Macero** signed the **John La Salle Quartet** for Columbia . . . **Ralph Flanagan's Band** switched from RCA Victor to the Coral label . . . **The Buck Clarke Quintet**, of Washington, D. C., signed by Argo Records . . . Drummer-bandleader **Louis Bellson** is now recording for Roulette . . . Ex-disc jockey **Chris Albertson** (WHAT in Philadelphia) recorded banjoist-guitarist **Elmer Snowden** for Riverside. The band was made up of **Cliff Jackson**, piano; **Tommy Bryant**, bass; **Jimmy Crawford**, drums, and **Snowden**, banjo. They recorded a set of Ellington tunes. **Snowden** was an early Ellingtonian . . . The **Ferrodynamics Corp.** has released several four-track stereo tapes in a new collector's series. Tapes by pianist **Luckey Roberts** and banjoist **Danny Barker** are now available.

**Gigi Gryce**, now recording for Mercury, is reorganizing his sextet to go on the road. His tentative personnel includes **Eddie Costa**, vibraharp; **Richard Williams**, trumpet; **Richard Wyands**, piano; **Bob Cranshaw**, bass; **Walter Perkins**, drums . . . The **John Bunch Trio** accompanied singer **Morgana King** on a recent engagement at **Joe Howard's Place** . . . Trumpeter **Louis Metcalf**, once of the Ellington band, also played Howard's with his jazz combo . . . Drummer **Ed Blackwell**, of the **Ornette Coleman** group, worked with the **Montgomery Brothers** at the **Jazz Gallery** and **Five Spot** . . . **Max Roach** presented his complete **Freedom Now Suite** at a benefit for the Council of Racial Equality (CORE), held at the **Village Gate** Jan. 15. **Abbey Lincoln** and **Coleman Hawkins** were featured . . . Tenor man **Big Nick Nicholas** played **Joe Wells' Jazz** at the **Upstairs** during the holidays, while next door at **Count Basie's**, the **Paul Weeden Trio** made its first New York appearance.

Vibraharpist **Teddy Charles** and drummer **Ed Shaughnessy** have been presenting a small jazz group at a club in Westchester county. They are looking for a Manhattan gig . . . **Copa City**, in Jamaica, L.I., has been playing top jazz attractions. **Charlie Mingus**, **John Coltrane**, the **Jazztet**, and the **Horace Silver Quintet** had one-week stands during the holiday season . . . **Ben Rozet**, pianist with **Artie Shaw's** band in the 1930's, is featured at the piano bar in the Tack room upstairs at **Jack Delaney's** in Greenwich Village

. . . **The Mangione Brothers**, **Riverside** recording group, are playing at the **Gayety** in Albany, N. Y.

**The Quincy Jones Band** recorded 12 tunes for the **National Guard Show**, a recruiting promotion used on 3,800 radio stations . . . **The Lionel Hampton Band** flew to Buenos Aires to play a three-day auto show. Transportation cost was \$18,000 . . . **The Dave Brubeck Quartet** is scheduled for a 12-week State Department tour of Latin America beginning in March . . . **Sol Hurok** is presenting **Erroll Garner** in a one-man concert at Honolulu's **Waikiki Shell** on March 4.

**Harry Carney**, a 34-year veteran of the Ellington band, was the guest at the latest **Duke Ellington Society** meeting . . . **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** have added a few dance steps to their act. The choreography is by **Prince Spencer**, one of the **Step Brothers** . . . **Miriam Makeba's** husband, a popular singer known as **Sunny Pillay**, and the couple's nine-year-old daughter, **Angela**, have joined **Miss Makeba** in the United States.

**Rudy Viola** left the **Willard Alexander** office to join **International Talent Artists**, the new agency opened last year by **Bert Block** and **Larry Bennett**. **Viola** will book night clubs for the firm. The **ITA** office handles **Bobby Hackett**, **Barbara Carroll**, **Eddie Heywood**, **Don Shirley**, **Peter Appleyard**, and New Orleans clarinetist **Pete Fountain**.

Writer **Richard Gehman** is collecting material on **Chick Webb**, the famed drummer, and would be interested in hearing from anyone who happens to have any personal recollections of **Webb**, who died in 1939.

**Mrs. Joan Williams**, who sang with the **Don Redman Band** 20 years ago under the name of **Joan Lee**, was arrested for attempted bank robbery recently. She walked into an uptown Broadway bank and handed the teller a note demanding that he give her \$3,000 or she would set off a bomb. The bank teller sounded an alarm and a patrolman arrested the woman, who was carrying a box rigged up with wires like a bomb . . . **Aake Persson**, Swedish trombonist, and **Jerry Grey**, an American singer who went to Europe with the **Free and Easy** musical, were married in Stockholm recently. The couple met while **Persson** was a member of the **Quincy Jones Band**, also with **Free and Easy**. The newlyweds will live in Sweden . . . Ex-songplugger **Chick Kardale's** mother, known as **Ma Kardale** to many musicians, is in the **Harry Hershfield Home** in New York.

**Henry Whiston's Jazz at its Best**, broadcast weekly from **CBM-AM-FM**, Montreal, is going into its seventh year. **Whiston** produces the popular jazz show, and **Ted Miller** does the announce-

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going into his 11th year with a Saturday  
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ville, Texas. The show was expanded  
from one hour to four hours the first  
of the year.

#### IN PERSON

Basin Street East—PEGGY LEE, DEREK SMITH  
Trio, until Feb. 9. FRANCES FAYE, BOBBY  
SHERWOOD group, Feb. 10-Mar. 2.  
Birdland—MAYNARD FERGUSON Band,  
GEORGE RUSSELL Sextet, until Feb. 1.  
BUDDY RICH Quintet, OLANTUNJI group,  
Feb. 2-22.  
Central Plaza—EUGENE SEDRIC, CLAUDE  
HOPKINS, PANAMA FRANCIS, and others,  
Friday and Saturday night jam sessions.  
Cordon—BOBBY HACKETT until March 11.  
Copa City (Jamaica, Long Island)—Modern jazz  
groups.  
Embers—JONAH JONES Quartet, LEE EVANS  
Trio, until Feb. 4.  
Five Spot—MONTGOMERY BROTHERS.  
Half Note—JOHN COLTRANE until Feb. 5.  
HERBIE MANN'S Afro-Jazz Sextet, Feb. 7-19.  
Hickory House—BILLY TAYLOR Trio.  
Jazz Gallery—JOE WILLIAMS, HARRY EDI-  
SON Quintet, until Feb. 5. LAMBERT-HEN-  
DRICKS-ROSS, Feb. 7-19.  
Metropole—ROY LIBERTO's Bourbon Street Six,  
RED ALLEN Band, until Feb. 27.  
Nick's—HARRY DI VITO's Empire State Six  
featuring WHITEY MITCHELL.  
Roundtable—JOSH WHITE, Prof. IRWIN  
COREY, until Jan. 29. DUKES OF DIXIE-  
LAND, Jan. 30-Feb. 5; MEL TORME, Feb. 6-  
March 5.  
Ryan's—WILBUR DE PARIS Band.  
Village Vanguard—NINA SIMONE Trio, OR-  
NETTE COLEMAN Quartet, until Jan. 29.

#### CHICAGO

The Oscar Peterson Trio, Ella Fitz-  
gerald, and the Northwestern Univer-  
sity Jazz Lab Band will be heard in  
concert Jan. 21, at McGraw hall on

the Northwestern university campus.  
The concert will be emceed by *Down  
Beat*'s Gene Lees, who will make *Down  
Beat* poll awards to Miss Fitzgerald,  
Peterson, and Ray Brown. Proceeds  
from the concert are to go to the senior  
class gift for faculty salaries and the  
university press.

Ahmad Jamal's restaurant-night club,  
which was originally reported to open  
in December, will open its doors Feb.  
3. It will be called the Al Hambra and  
will boast Pakistanian, Indian, Mid-  
Eastern, and American cuisine. No al-  
coholic beverages will be served.  
Jamal's trio will be featured most of  
the year.

Sonny Rollins did not appear at Bird-  
house as reported. The management of  
the club said he was still practicing and  
experimenting. Rumor has it that he  
does his practicing in the middle of  
a well-known bridge in New York  
City. Donald Byrd's group filled the  
eccentric tenor man's engagement . . .  
Miles Davis had tenorist Hank  
Mobley with him at the Cloister dur-  
ing the holiday season . . . Chicagoan  
Paul Serrano took Freddie Hubbard's  
place with the Quincy Jones Band dur-  
ing the band's Birdhouse engagement  
Ira Sullivan opened Chicago's  
newest jazz club, the Village Wail, late

in December. His group included Nicky  
Hill, tenor; Bo Bailey, trombone; Don-  
ald Garrett, bass; Richard Abrams,  
piano; Wilbur Campbell, drums. Set to  
follow Sullivan was Yusef Lateef . . .  
Philly Joe Jones went from the Cloister  
to the French Poodle.

Chris Rayburn, who has been sing-  
ing under the name Tina Jones at the  
Blue Angel, is returning to her own  
name. She is scheduled for a six-week  
run at Counterpoint following Etta  
Jones . . . Al Williams, of the dancing  
Step Brothers, and businessman Carl  
Irving have opened a talent agency.  
They will manage and package talent  
for night clubs, television, recordings,  
conventions, and what have you . . .  
Pianist Tom Ponce has gone into his  
19th month at the Scotch Mist. Drum-  
mer Chuck Minogue and bassist Leroy  
Jackson complete the trio . . . Altoist  
Bunky Green is standing listeners on  
their ears at Birdhouse on Mondays and  
Tuesdays.

#### IN PERSON

Birdhouse—HERBIE MANN Afro-Jazz Sextet  
until Jan. 29. RAMSEY LEWIS Trio, Feb. 1-12;  
CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet, Feb. 15-  
26. BUNKY GREEN Quartet, Mondays and  
Tuesdays.  
Cafe Continental—EARL HINES Sextet until  
Jan. 28.  
The Cloister—BUDDY RICH Quintet until Jan.  
22. ANITA O'DAY, Jan. 23-Feb. 5; JOE  
WILLIAMS, Harry Edison Quintet open Feb.  
6. CONNIE MILANO Trio, house band.  
Counterpoint—ETTA JONES, JOHN YOUNG

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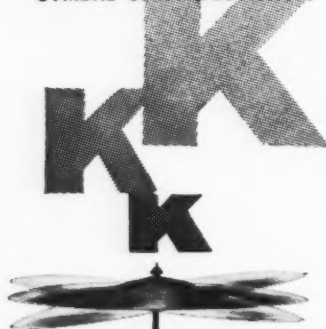
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London House—DOROTHY DONEGAN Trio until Feb. 5. JONAH JONES Quartet opens Feb. 7. AUDREY MORRIS Trio and EDDIE HIGGINS Trio, house bands.  
Mister Kelly's—MARGARET WHITING until Jan. 21. NANCY WILSON, JACKIE LEONARD open Jan. 23. JOE PARNELLO Trio and DICK MARX-JOHN FRIGO Trio, house bands.  
Orchard Twin-Bowl—NAPPY TROTTER Dixieland Band and CLANCY HAYES.  
Red Arrow—FRANZ JACKSON'S Original Jass All-Stars, Weekends.  
Scotch Mist—TOM PONCE Trio.  
Sutherland—ART FARMER-BENNY GOLSON Jazztet until Jan. 29; CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet, Feb. 8-12. Sessions Tuesdays.  
Swing Easy—GENE ESPOSITO Trio. Sessions Sundays.

## LOS ANGELES

Trade talk is that things are far from stable among the **Count Basie** Band personnel; key sidemen may exodus soon due to conflict of interest between independent writing assignments and road work with the band.

World Pacific Record's **Dick Bock** contracted exclusively **Carmell Jones**, young Kansas City trumpeter currently working with the **Bud Shank** Quintet at Malibu's Drift inn. Jones makes his first appearance on record in a forthcoming album with the Shank group . . . That **Harry James** role in **Jerry Lewis'** *Ladies Man* (*Down Beat*, Jan. 19) calls for the trumpeter to head a "jazz" combo featuring rock-and-roll trombonist **Lillian Briggs** and harpist **Gloria Tracy**. How's that again?

**Terry Gibbs** returned to the west coast with a new quartet featuring **Pat Moran** on piano and bassist **Bob Marshall**. Drummer **Stan Levey** joined Gibbs for his Summit engagement. Meanwhile the Brooklyn vibist reactivated his big band for Tuesday nights at the Sunset Blvd. spot. Pianist **Moran** also doubles vibes for duets with Gibbs . . . **Duke Ellington** composed and conducted the music for the pilot film of MGM-TV's new series, *The Asphalt Jungle*, set to debut over ABC-TV network April 2.

**Neal Hefti**, newly settled here and active in the publishing end of the school band field, was appointed to the board of governors of the Los Angeles chapter of National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. He filled vacancy left by departing **Henri Rene**. **NARAS** west coast president **Sonny Burke** announced plans for scholarships to be granted to young local talent . . . **Ray Charles** and the **Earl Bostic** Band whopped in 1961 with a New Year's night date at the Hollywood Palladium promoted by **Hal Zeiger**. Tariff was set at \$3 a head. It was Charles' second booking there within four months . . . With the recent sale of Verve Records to M-G-M, a&r man and arranger **Russ Garcia** bowed out of full-time association with the former **Norman Granz**

label to concentrate on movie scoring; his next film will be *The Brothers Grimm* for **George Pal**. Meanwhile, he'll continue recording with Verve artists on free-lance basis.

**Larry Finley**, host of the TV show, *Music Is My Beat*, devoted his Jan. 7 show to songs by **Leonard Feather** sung by **Doris Drew** and **Bob Grabeau** . . . The long-planned new record label of **Frank Sinatra's** will be titled **Reprise Records** . . . One of the most pleasant musical interludes in any current jazz group's repertoire is the nightly trio performance by **Nat Gershan**, cello; **Harry Pope**, guitar, and bassist **Bobby Haynes** of the **Chico Hamilton** Quintet . . . **Anita O'Day** is rehearsing a new nitery act written by pianist **Paul Moer** and **Howard Lucraft**.

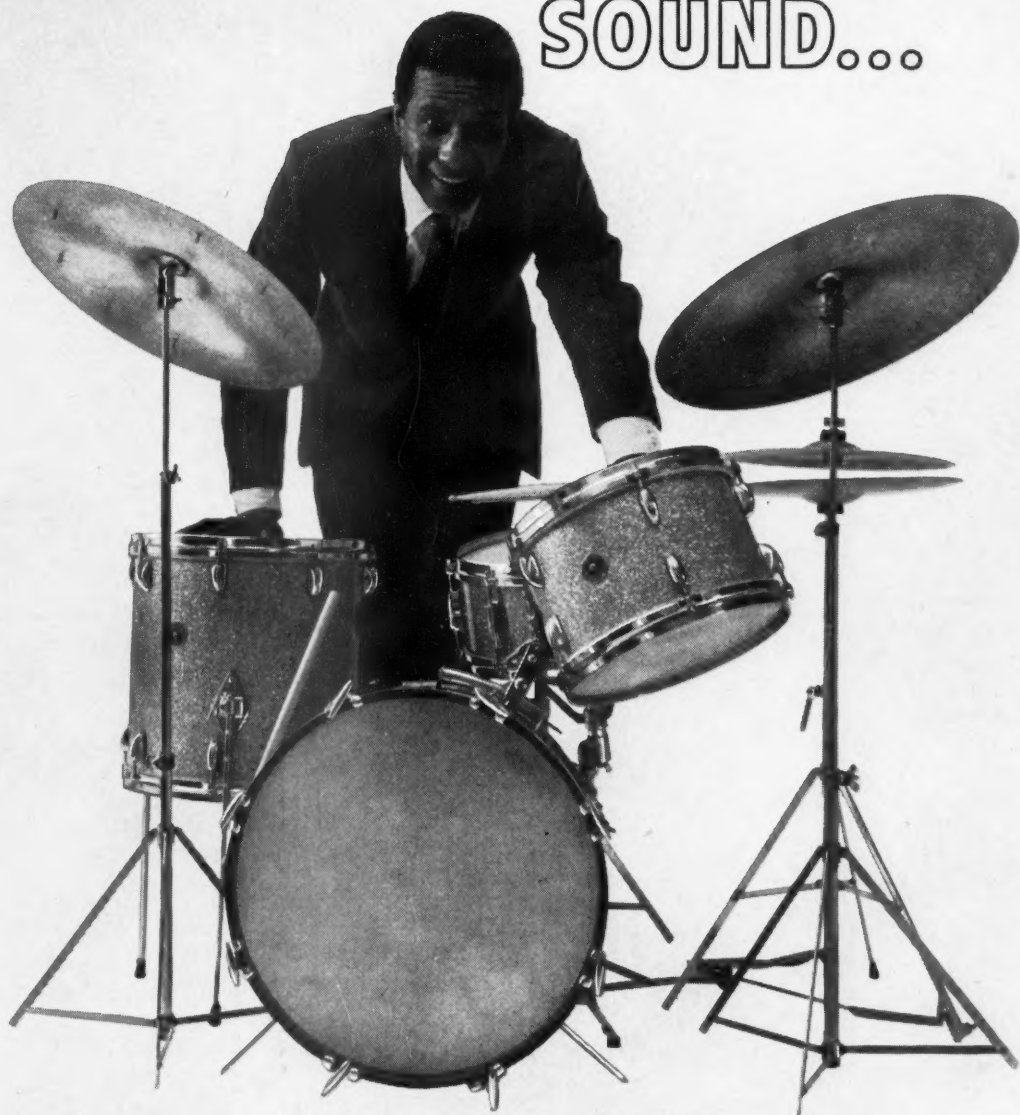
## IN PERSON

Bahama inn—LOREN DEXTER Jazz Quartet.  
Ben Pollack's—JOE GRAVES Quartet.  
Beverly Cavern—TEDDY BUCKNER Band.  
Black Orchid—JUANITA CRUSE, LEON WALLS Trio.  
Cascades—JACK LYNDE Trio.  
Compton Bowl—THE JAZZ GENERALS, weekends.  
Digger—Name jazz groups weekends.  
El Sombrero—CLYDE CONRAD Quintet.  
Excusez Moi—BETTY BENNETT, weekends.  
Figer-8—DELTA RHYTHM KINGS, Sunday sessions.  
Geno's Bit—LES McCANN, Ltd.  
Green Bull—SOUTH BAY JAZZ BAND with MONETTE MOORE, Fridays and Saturdays.  
Handlebar—DR. JACK LANGLES and The Saints, weekends.  
Hermosa inn—CHUCK DEEKS Band, Fridays and Saturdays.  
Honeybucket—COL HENDERSON'S REBELS.  
Jimmie Diamond's lounge—EDGAR HAYES, piano.  
Lighthouse—HOWARD RUMSEY'S All-Stars, Name jazz groups Sundays.  
Masque—JIMMY SMITH Trio, Jan. 19-Feb. 10.  
Renaissance—FRANK BUTLER Trio, Wednesdays, Thursdays. BESSIE GRIFFIN and the Gospel Pearls, Sundays.  
Rosie's Red Banjo—ART LEVIN'S Excelsior Banjo Serenaders.  
Sherry's—PETE JOLLY, piano, and RALPH PENA, bass.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole—SHELLY MANNE and his Men, weekends; JIMMY ROWLES, piano Mondays and Tuesdays; RUSS FREEMAN, piano, and RICHIE KAMUCA, tenor sax, Wednesdays; JOE MAINI group, Thursdays.  
Sheraton West hotel—RED NICHOLS and his Five Pennies.  
Three Palms Restaurant—JESS STACY.  
Zebra lounge—BUD POWELL, opens Feb. 23 for three weeks; NINA SIMONE, opens March 16; HORACE SILVER, March 30-April 9.



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